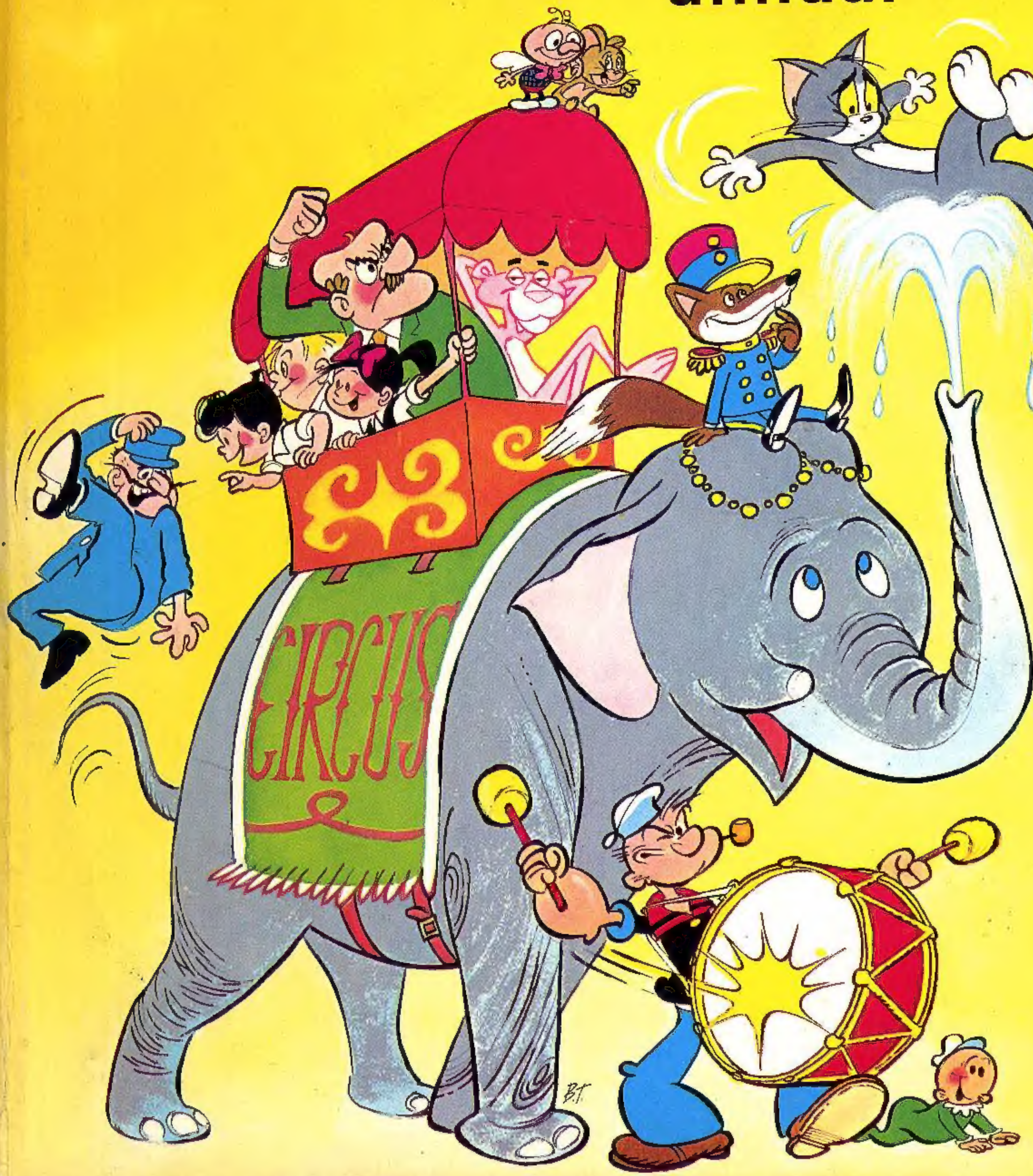
TV COMIC

annual

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

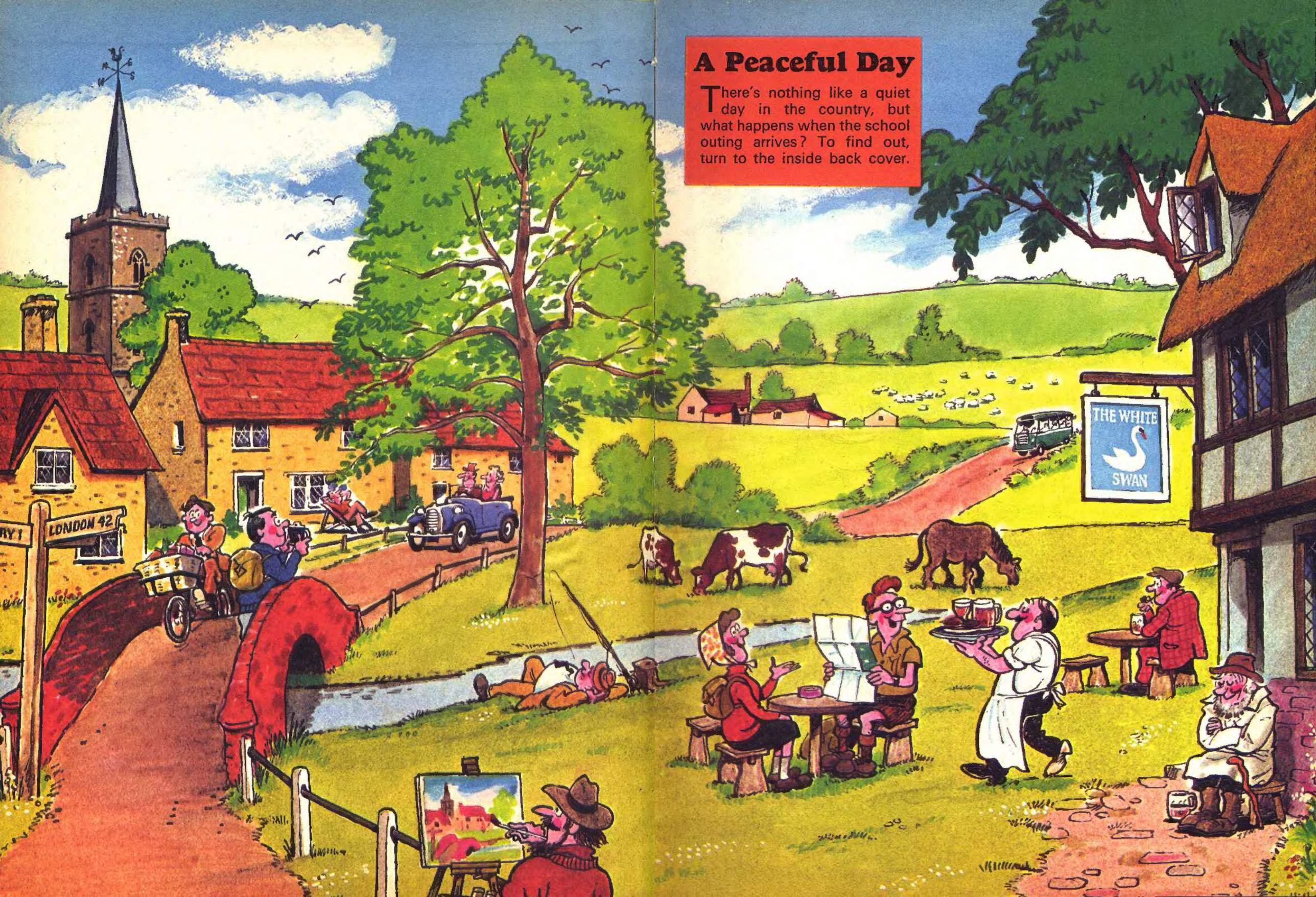


TV COMIC annual

1973

A Peaceful Day

There's nothing like a quiet day in the country, but what happens when the school outing arrives? To find out, turn to the inside back cover.



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65p

POPEYE
WHOEVER WROTE THIS SCIENCE FRICTION YARN WIMPY LENT ME SURE GOT CARRIED AWAY!
BALLOON FACED THINGS WIT TENTICKLES INSTEAD O' STRINGS TO LIFT THEIR VICTIMS ALOFT! ARF! ARF!
HI-YAH, WIMPY! WATCHA DOIN' UP THERE?
I SEEM TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY THOSE THINGS, CAN YOU ASSIST ME?
SUFFERIN' SEA SARPINTS! THEM'S THEM BALLOON-FACED THINGS I WUZ JEST READIN' ABOUT!
HANG ON, WIMPY! IF I KIN REACH THE TOP O' THE CLIFF BEFORE YOU DOES I'LL SAVE YUH!
TAKE THAT, YA SPACE-FACED VARMINTS!
POP! POP! POP!
LUCKY I SEED YUH OR YOR HAMBURGER EATING DAYS WOULDA BIN NUMBERED!
ALAS! THEY ARE NOW THAT YOU'VE DESTROYED MY LIVELIHOOD!
I EMBARKED INTO THE BALLOON SELLING BUSINESS HOPING TO MAKE ENOUGH FOR A MEAL!
YUH MEAN THEY WASN'T MONSKERS FROM OUTER SPACE?
PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO RE-IMBURSE FOR THOSE YOU BURST... I COULD STILL EAT!
O.K., HOW MUCH?
YOU SOLD THOSE BALLOONS PRETTY QUICK!
I DID INDEED!
I DUNNO ABOUT THAT SCIENCE FRICTION WRITER GETTING CARRIED AWAY! I THINK I'VE BIN TAKEN FOR A RIDE!
HAMBUR

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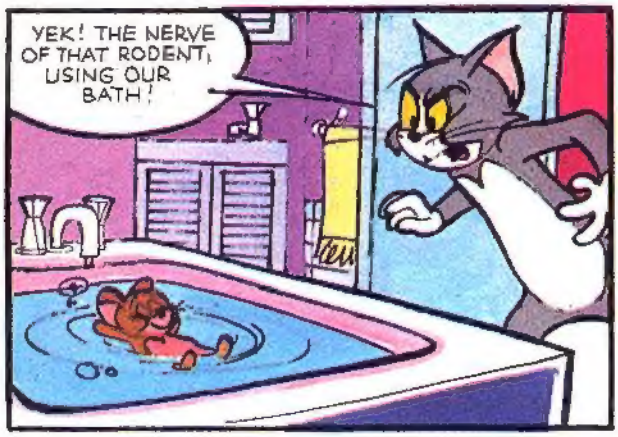
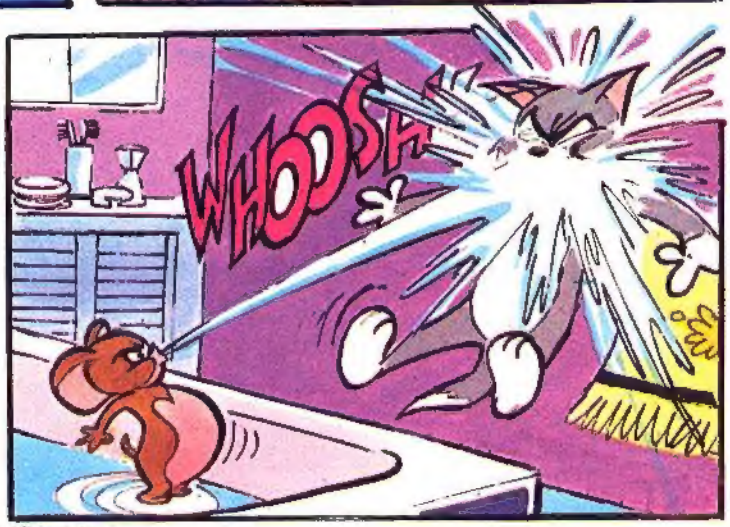
Tom and Jerry





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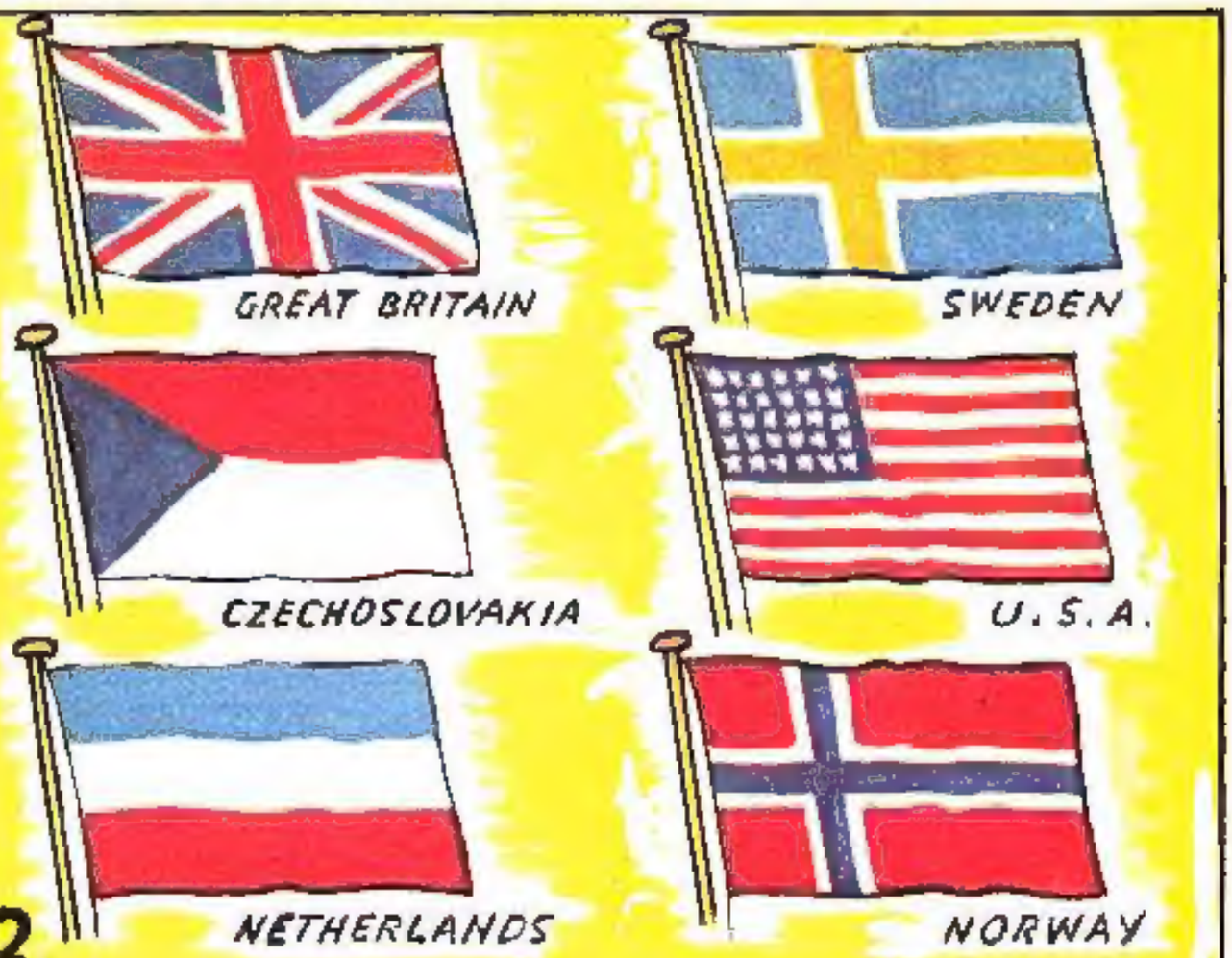
GRR! I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT!
THIS IS WHERE I REALLY GIVE THE SQUIRT A PASTING!
YOU'VE SLIPPED UP THIS TIME MOUSE!
WE'LL SEE WHO'S SLIPPED UP!
OOER!
YEEEOW!
STRIKES ME I'VE BEEN HIT BY A BAD MOOD ALL OF A SUDDEN!
MEANWHILE...
I'VE BEEN HIT BY A GOOD MOOD, TODAY!
OWCH!
BIFF! BOK!
OOPS!
TOSS TOM'S TEETH UP BUTCH, I THINK HE WANTED THEM CLEANED! TE! HE! HE!
YUK! YUK!

PUZZLE PAGE

1.

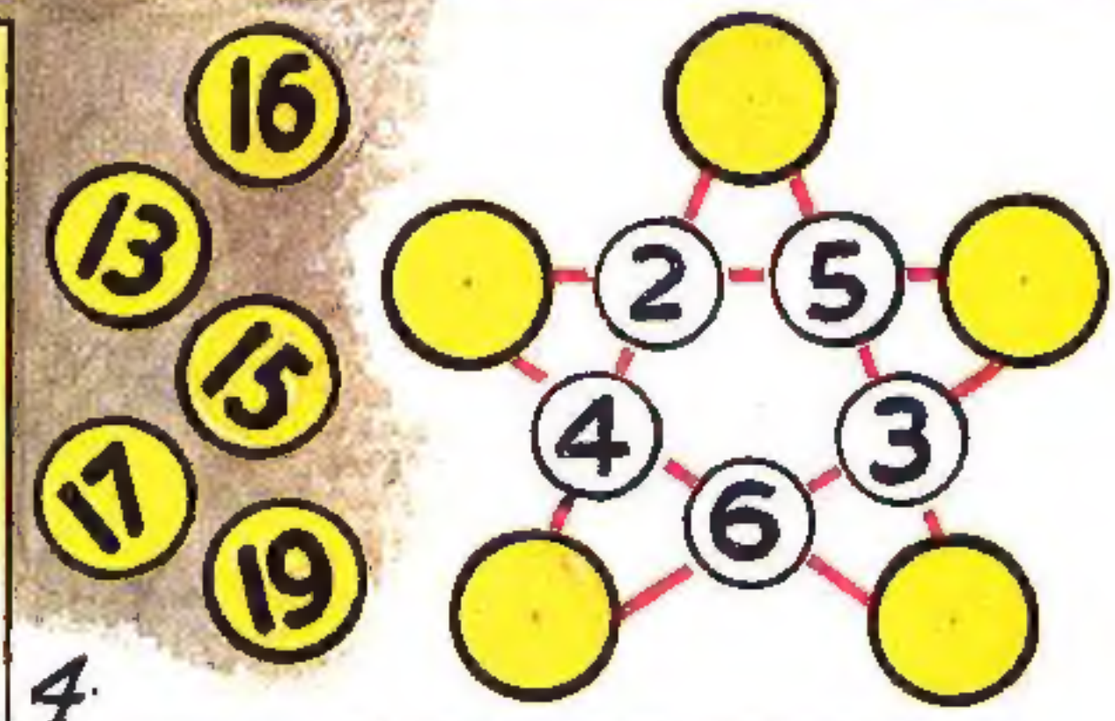
CAN YOU LAY THESE FIVE THINGS ON A TABLE SO THAT NEITHER THE CORK OR THE MATCH HEADS TOUCH THE TABLE?



2.

CAN YOU SAY WHICH OF THESE FLAGS IS CORRECT AND WHAT IS WRONG WITH OTHERS?

3. EACH SET OF COLOURED LETTERS WILL SPELL THE NAME OF A WELL-KNOWN FLOWER. *WHAT ARE THEY?*

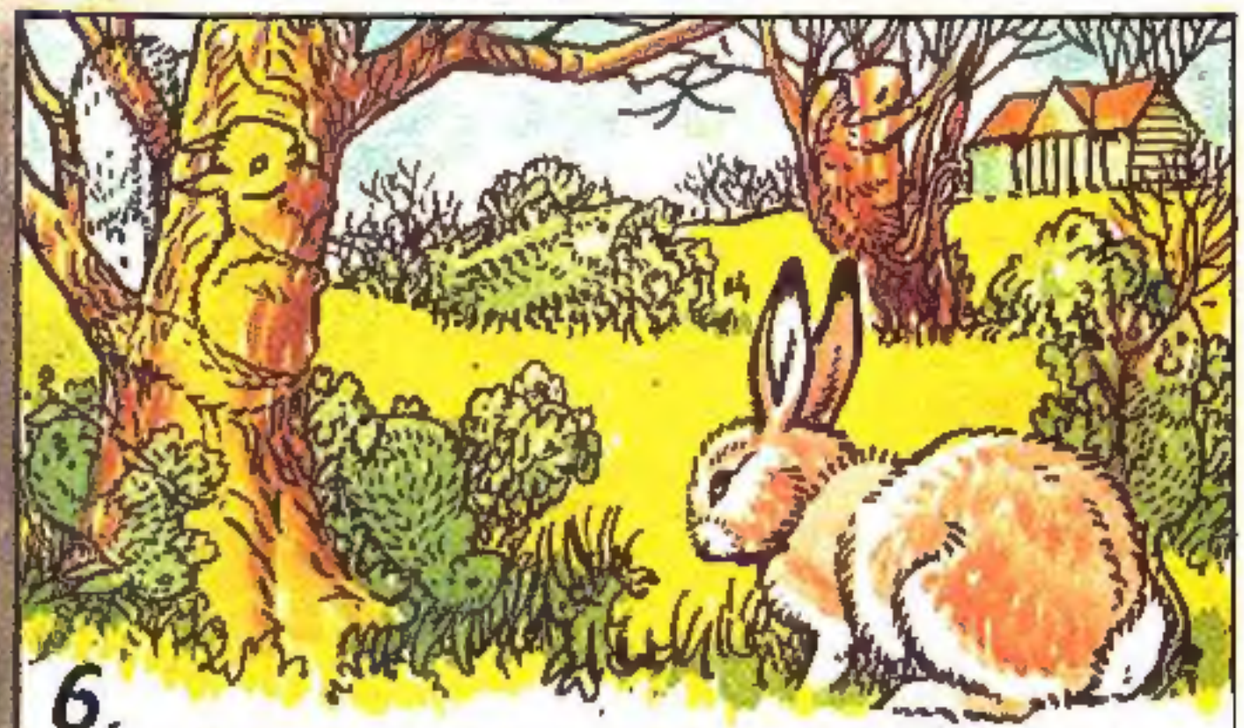


4.

JUST FILL IN THE BLANK CIRCLES WITH THE NUMBERS ON THE LEFT TO MAKE EACH LINE ADD UP TO 40.

5.

HERE ARE THIRTEEN OBJECTS. TWELVE OF THEM ARE PAIRS. CAN YOU SPOT THE PAIRS AND ALSO SAY WHICH IS THE ODD ONE?



6.

HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU FIND SEVEN ANIMALS HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE?

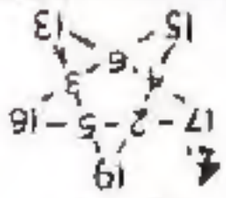
ANSWERS

1. THE FLAGS OF GREAT BRITAIN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND NETHERLANDS ARE UPSIDE DOWN, U.S.A SHOULD HAVE MORE STARS AND SWEDEN NO WHITE EDGE TO THE CROSS. *NORWAY IS CORRECT.*

2.

3. TULIP, VIOLET, PANSY, ROSE, DAISY.

4.



5. THE PAIRS ARE:- NAIL, ROSE, BOW, TRUNK, GLASSES, NUT. *THE PENCIL IS THE ODD ONE.*

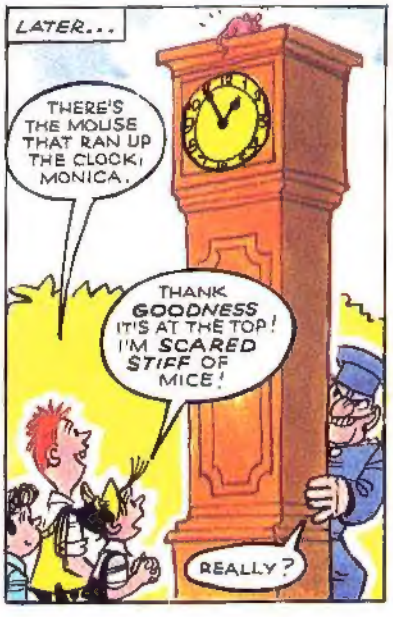
TV TERRORS

THE TELLY PEOPLE HAVE DONATED A FUN PARK TO THE TOWN!
WE MUST HAVE A LOOK AT IT!

FUN PARK
COO! EVERYTHING'S ON A NURSERY RHYME THEME!
THERE'S LITTLE BO PEEP WHO LOST HER SHEEP!

BUT I HAVEN'T LOST YOU LOT!
OH, NO! HOPPIT'S HERE!

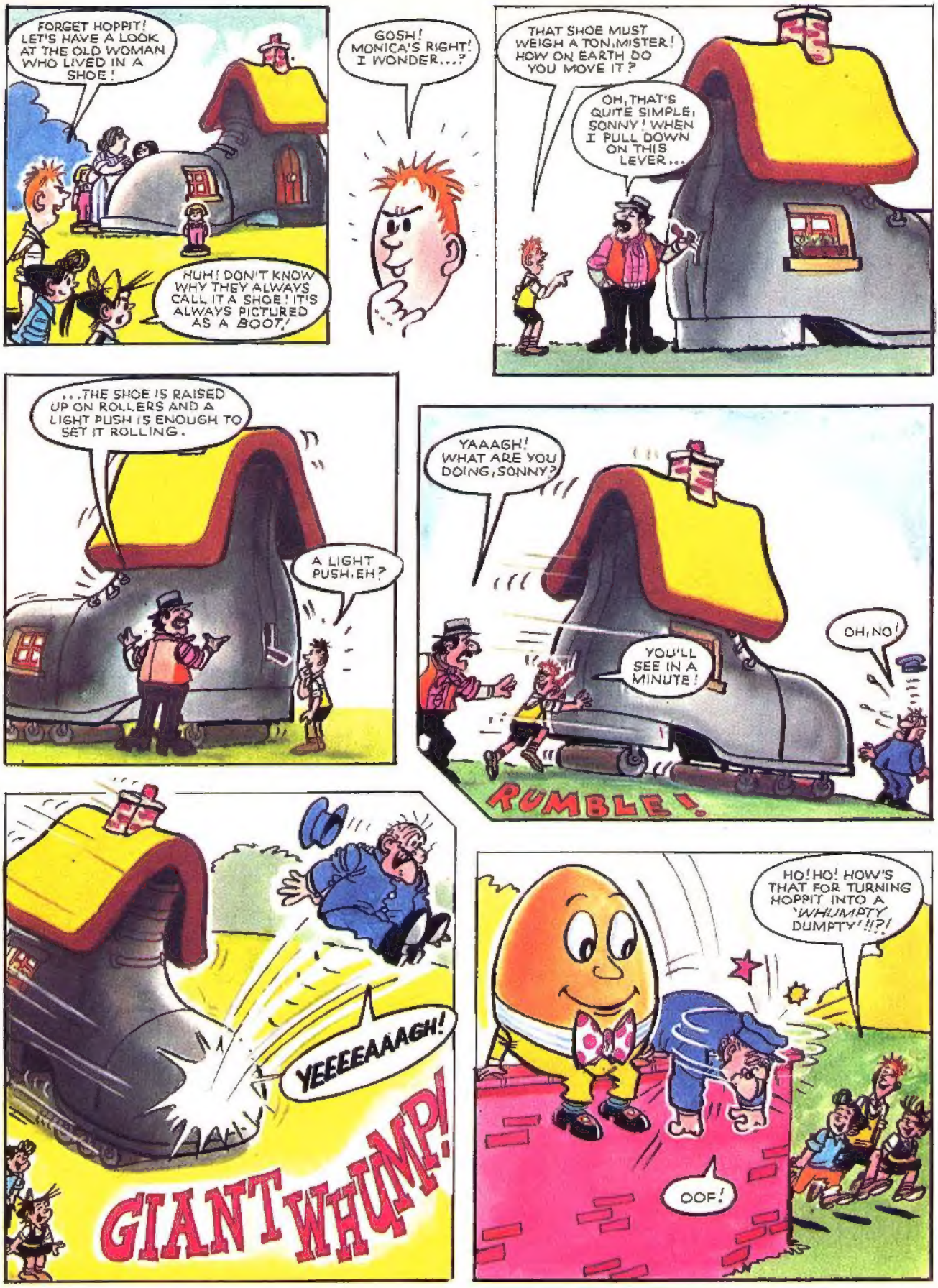
HOPPIT!
YAAAGH! TRUST HOPPIT TO SPOIL EVERYTHING!
WHUMP!


LATER...
THERE'S THE MOUSE THAT RAN UP THE CLOCK, MONICA.
THANK GOODNESS IT'S AT THE TOP! I'M SCARED STIFF OF MICE!
REALLY?

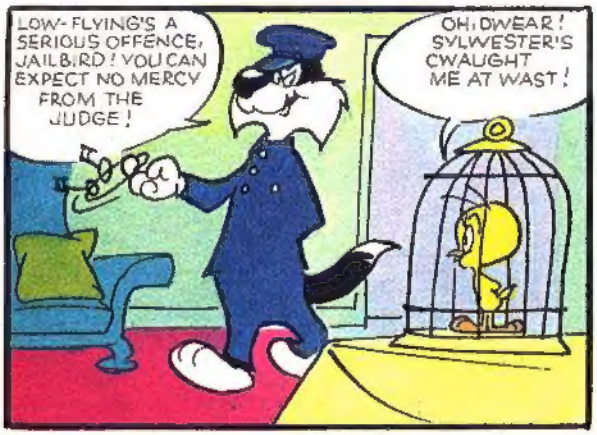
HAVE A CLOSER LOOK, MONICA! HEH-HEH!
AAAGH! HELP!
OH, NO! HOPPIT AGAIN!
WHUMP!

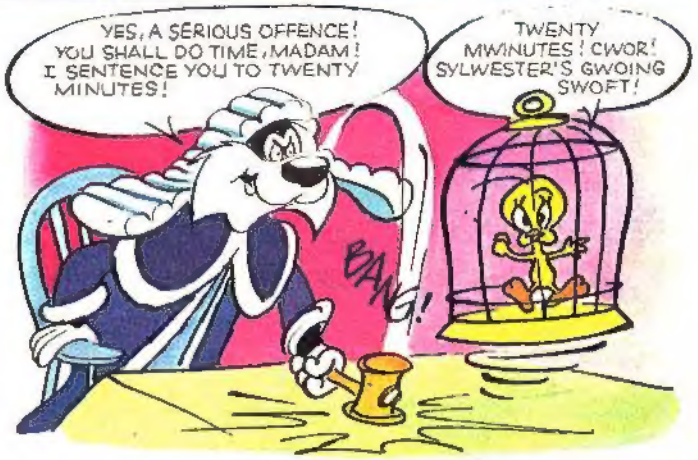
SHRIEK!

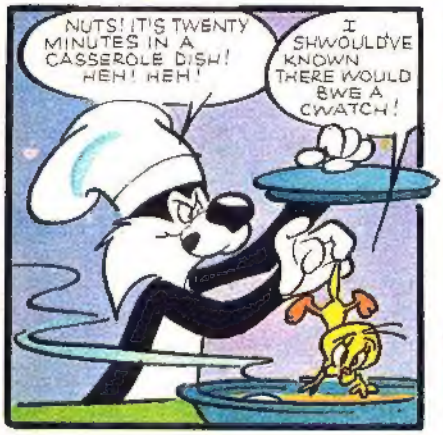
THAT HOPPIT'S GETTING MEANER ALL THE TIME!
HEH-HEH!
SHAKE!
TREMBLE
GRR!

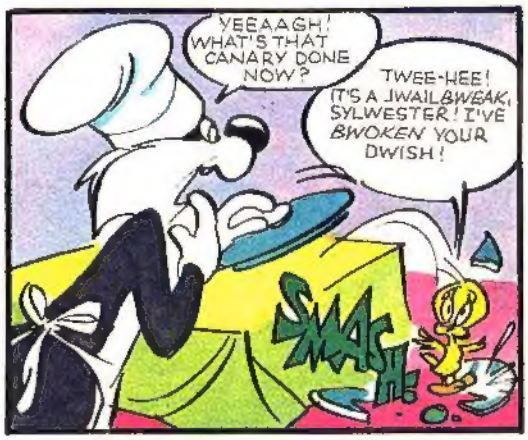

FORGET HOPPIT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE!
HUH! DON'T KNOW WHY THEY ALWAYS CALL IT A SHOE! IT'S ALWAYS PICTURED AS A BOOT!
GOSH! MONICA'S RIGHT! I WONDER...?
THAT SHOE MUST WEIGH A TON, MISTER! HOW ON EARTH DO YOU MOVE IT?
OH, THAT'S QUITE SIMPLE, SONNY! WHEN I PULL DOWN ON THIS LEVER...
...THE SHOE IS RAISED UP ON ROLLERS AND A LIGHT PUSH IS ENOUGH TO SET IT ROLLING.
A LIGHT PUSH, EH?
YAAAGH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SONNY?
YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!
OH, NO!
RUMBLE!
YEEEEAAAGH!
GIANT WHUMP!
HO! HO! HOW'S THAT FOR TURNING HOPPIT INTO A 'WHUMPTY DUMPTY'!!?!
OOF!

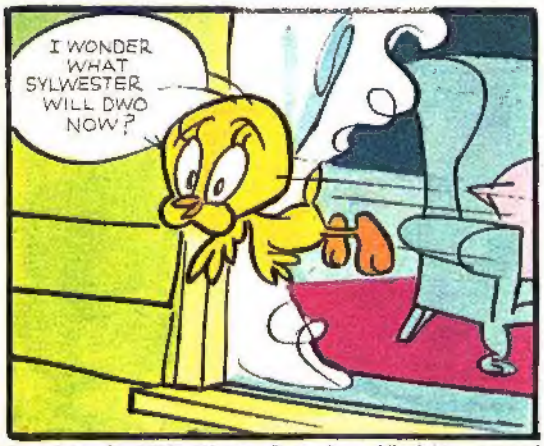
The Bugs Bunny Show

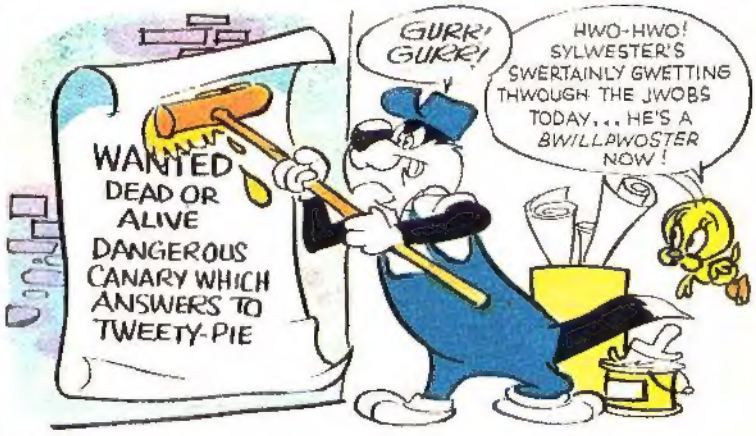



YES, A SERIOUS OFFENCE! YOU SHALL DO TIME, MADAM! I SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY MINUTES!
TWENTY MWINUTES! CWOR! SYLWESTER'S GWOING SWOFT!
BANG!








WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE DANGEROUS CANARY WHICH ANSWERS TO TWEETY-PIE
GURR! GURR!
HWO-HWO! SYLWESTER'S SWERTAINLY GWETTING THWOUGH THE JWOBS TODAY... HE'S A *BWILLPWOSTER* NOW!

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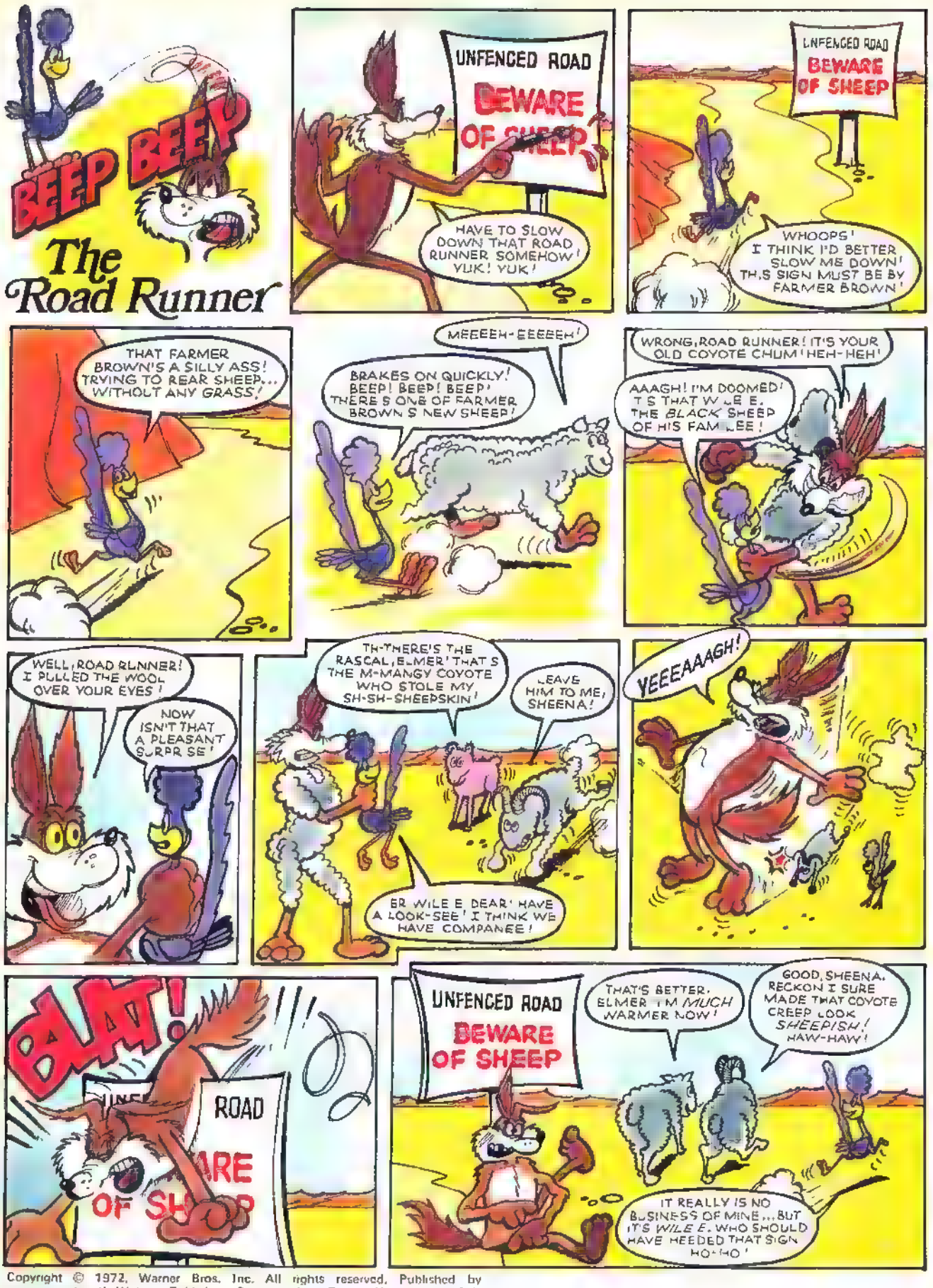
BEEP BEEP
The Road Runner
UNFENCED ROAD
BEWARE OF SHEEP
HAVE TO SLOW DOWN THAT ROAD RUNNER SOMEHOW! YUK! YUK!
UNFENCED ROAD
BEWARE OF SHEEP
WHOOPS! I THINK I'D BETTER SLOW ME DOWN! TH,S SIGN MUST BE BY FARMER BROWN!
THAT FARMER BROWN'S A SILLY ASS! TRYING TO REAR SHEEP... WITHOUT ANY GRASS!
MEEEEH-EEEEEH!
BRAKES ON QUICKLY! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! THERE S ONE OF FARMER BROWN S NEW SHEEP!
WRONG, ROAD RUNNER! IT'S YOUR OLD COYOTE CHUM! HEH-HEH!
AAAGH! I'M DOOMED! T S THAT W E E, THE BLACK SHEEP OF HIS FAM EE!
WELL, ROAD RUNNER! I PULLED THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES!
NOW ISN'T THAT A PLEASANT SURPR SE!
TH-THERE'S THE RASCAL, ELMER! THAT S THE M-MANGY COYOTE WHO STOLE MY SH-SH-SHEEPSKIN!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, SHEENA!
ER WILE E. DEAR! HAVE A LOOK-SEE! I THINK WE HAVE COMPANEE!
YEEEAAAGH!
BLAT!
ROAD
UNFENCED ROAD
BEWARE OF SHEEP
THAT'S BETTER, ELMER I'M MUCH WARMER NOW!
GOOD, SHEENA. RECKON I SURE MADE THAT COYOTE CREEP LOOK SHEEPISH! HAW-HAW!
IT REALLY IS NO BUSINESS OF MINE... BUT IT'S WILE E. WHO SHOULD HAVE HEEDED THAT SIGN HO-HO!

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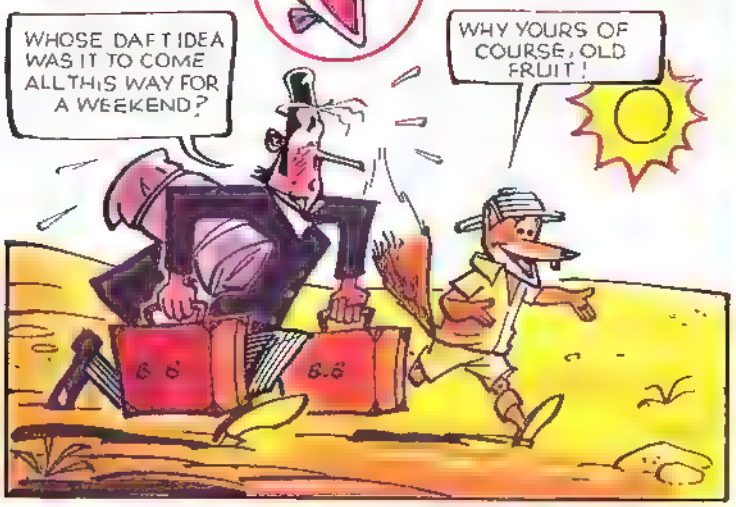
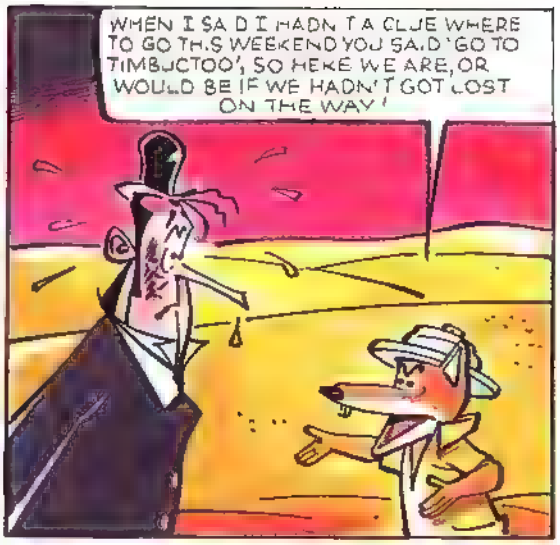
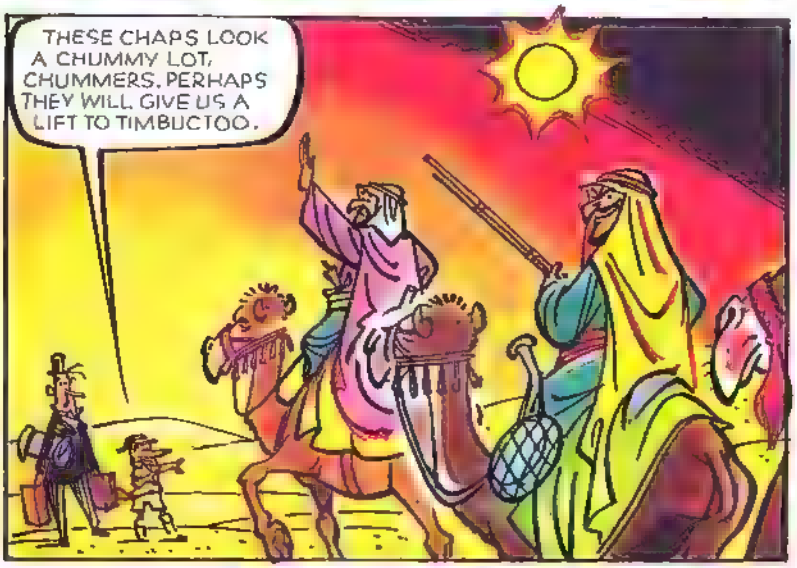
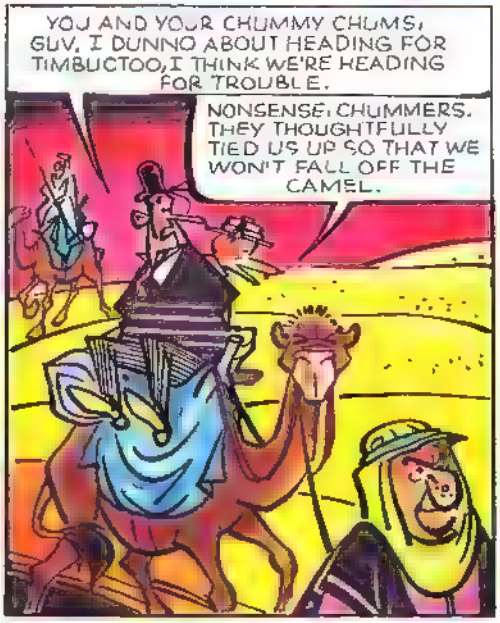
BASIL BRUSH

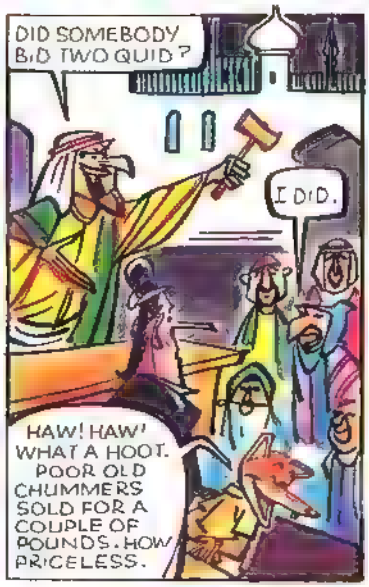

WHOSE DAFT IDEA WAS IT TO COME ALL THIS WAY FOR A WEEKEND?
WHY YOURS OF COURSE, OLD FRUIT!


WHEN I SAID I HADN'T A CLUE WHERE TO GO THIS WEEKEND YOU SAID 'GO TO TIMBUCTOO', SO HERE WE ARE, OR WOULD BE IF WE HADN'T GOT LOST ON THE WAY!


THESE CHAPS LOOK A CHUMMY LOT, CHUMMERS. PERHAPS THEY WILL GIVE US A LIFT TO TIMBUCTOO.


YOU AND YOUR CHUMMY CHUMS, GUV, I DUNNO ABOUT HEADING FOR TIMBUCTOO, I THINK WE'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE.
NONSENSE, CHUMMERS. THEY THOUGHTFULLY TIED US UP SO THAT WE WON'T FALL OFF THE CAMEL.

TIMBUCTOO?
THE SLAVE SUPER MARKET
NOT GET MUCH FOR YOU IN TIMBUCTOO BETTER WE SELL YOU HERE IN THE SLAVE SUPER MARKET.

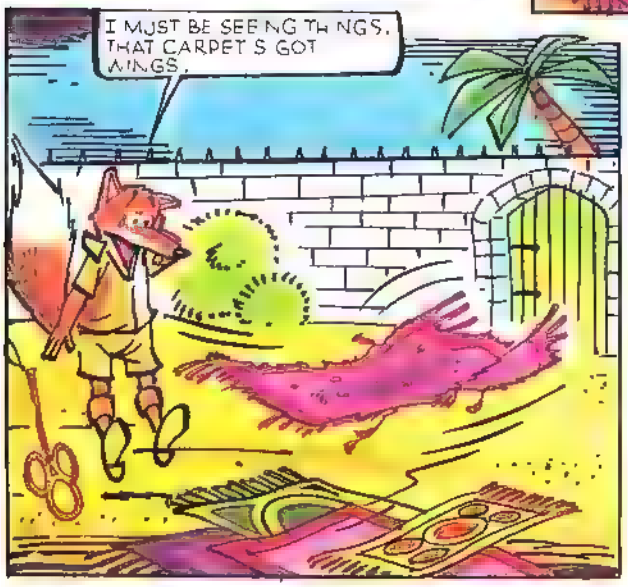

DID SOMEBODY BID TWO QUID?
I DID.
HAW! HAW! WHAT A HOOT. POOR OLD CHUMMERS SOLD FOR A COUPLE OF POUNDS. HOW PRICELESS.

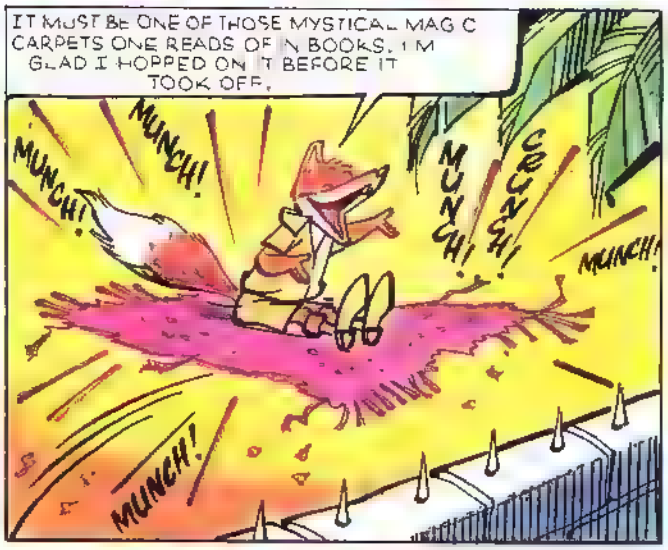
WHAT ABOUT THIS WORTHLESS ONE? DID ANYONE SAY FIVE NEW PENCE?
HOW DARE YOU, SIR! YOU CANNOT SELL ME FOR THAT AMOUNT.

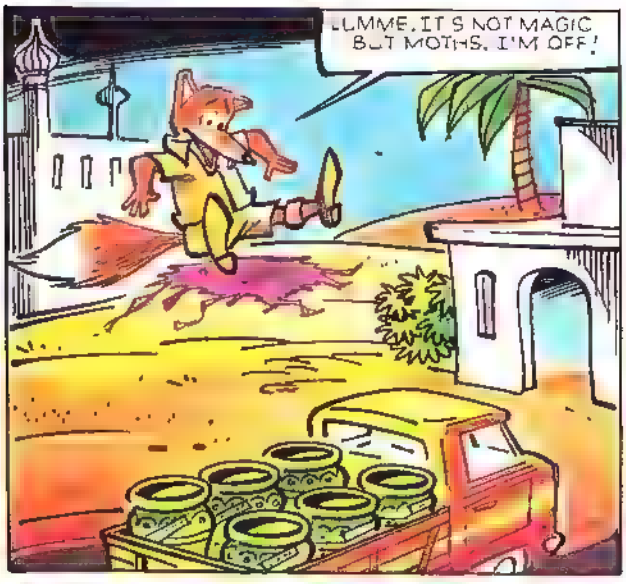
NO B DS, NO? THEN I'LL TELL YOJ WHAT I LL THROW HIM IN FOR FREE WITH THE NEXT LOT, A BEAL TIFUL TROUPE OF DANC NG G RLS.
I LL BUY THEM FOR THE SULTAN
BULLY FOR YOJ. I LL BE HAPPY TO GO ALONG TOO.

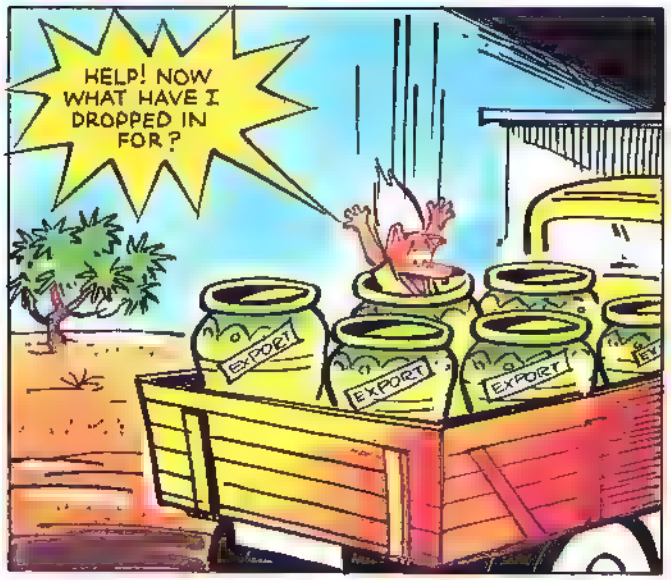
YOJ NOT STAY W.TH DANCING G RLS. YOJ WORK VERY HARD N YARD.
WHAT S GO NG ON HERE? F RST I M THROWN IN W TH A GROUP OF BEAUT FUL DANC NG G RLS AND THEN K CKED OJT ON MY EAR

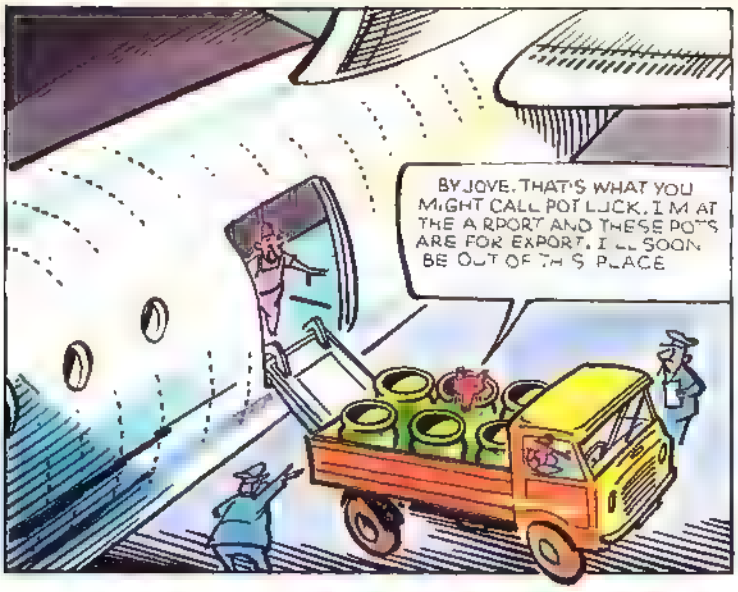
YOU BEAT THOSE CARPETS OR I BEAT YOJ.
PHEW I M WHAC KED AL READY. HAVEN T YOJ GOT A CARPET SWEEPER OR A VACOJM CLEANER?


I MJST BE SEE NG TH NGS. THAT CARPET S GOT WINGS.

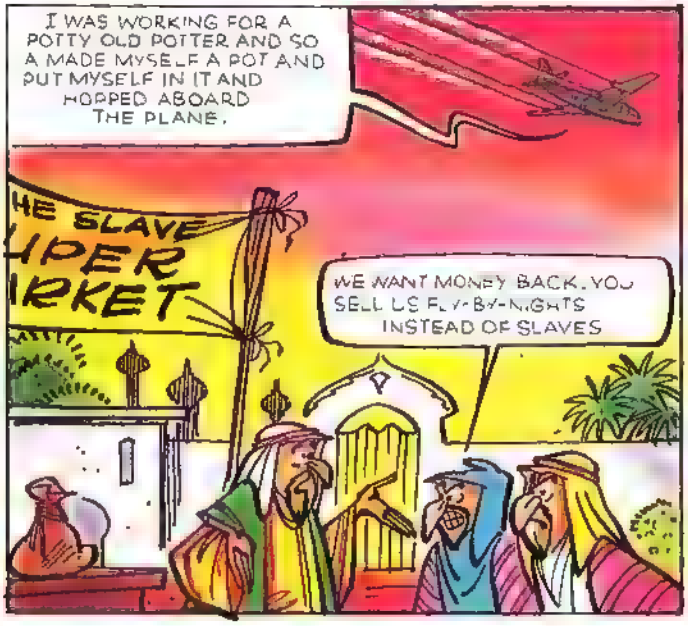

IT MJST BE ONE OF THOSE MYSTICAL MAG C CARPETS ONE READS OF N BOOKS. I M GLAD I HOPPED ON T BEFORE IT TOOK OFF.
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
MUNCH!
CRUNCH!
MUNCH!
MUNCH!


LLMME. IT S NOT MAGIC BJT MOTHS. I'M OFF!


HELP! NOW WHAT HAVE I DROPPED IN FOR?
EXPORT
EXPORT
EXPORT

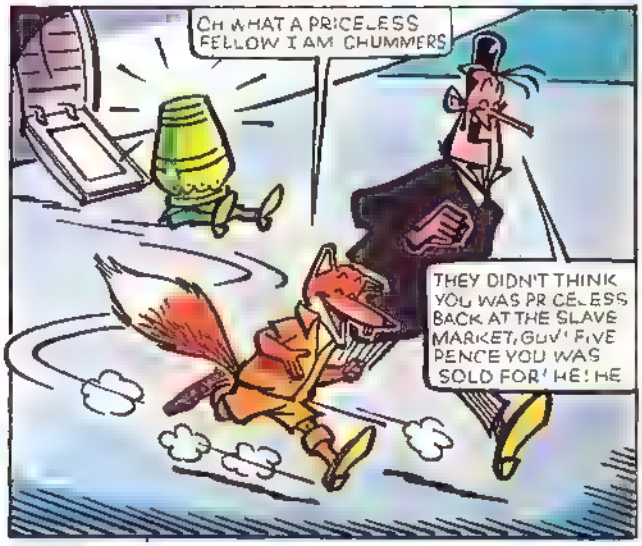

BY JOVE. THAT'S WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL POT LUCK. I'M AT THE AIRPORT AND THESE POTS ARE FOR EXPORT. I'LL SOON BE OUT OF THIS PLACE

SAFE ABOARD A PLANE, NOW I CAN BREATHE FREELY AGAIN.
CHUMMERS, OLD CHUM! HOW DID YOU GET AWAY?
EXPORT

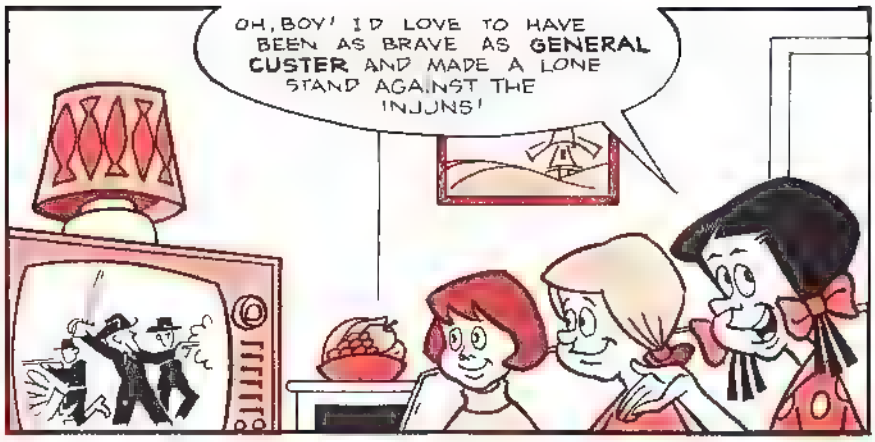

I WAS WORKING FOR A POTTY OLD POTTER AND SO A MADE MYSELF A POT AND PUT MYSELF IN IT AND HOPPED ABOARD THE PLANE.
WE WANT MONEY BACK. YOU SELL US FLY-BY-NIGHTS INSTEAD OF SLAVES

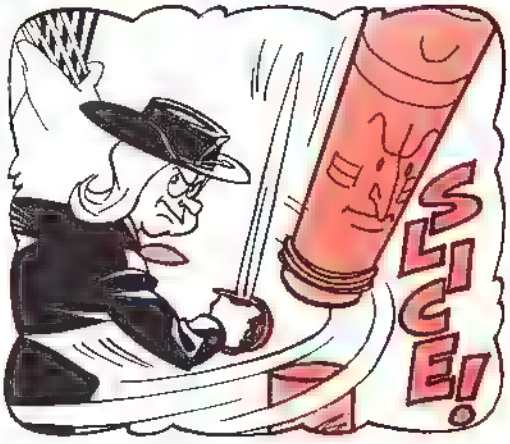
WHAT A WASTE OF A WEEKEND. ALL THAT WAY TO TIMBUCTOO FOR NOTHING.
NOT QUITE, MATE. I SHALL REQUIRE YOU TO PAY YOUR AIR FARES.

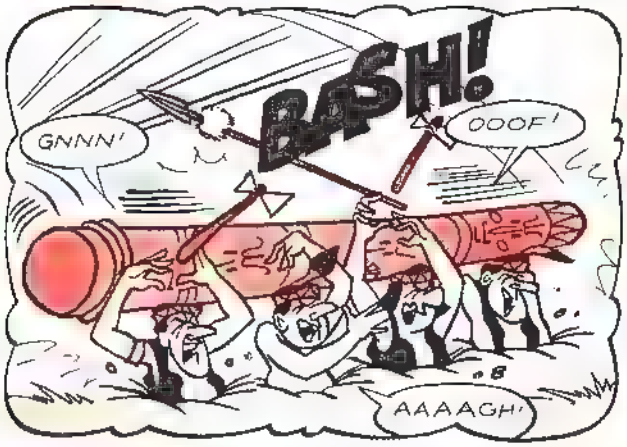
CATCH US PAYING OUR FARES WHEN THE BLOKE INSIDE HERE HAS THE TICKETS.
WHAT BLOKE WHERE?

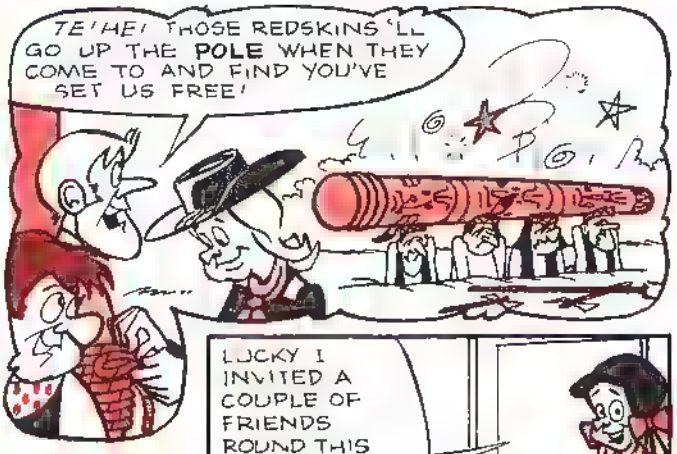

OH WHAT A PRICELESS FELLOW I AM CHUMMERS
THEY DIDN'T THINK YOU WAS PRICELESS BACK AT THE SLAVE MARKET, GUV'! FIVE PENCE YOU WAS SOLD FOR! HE! HE

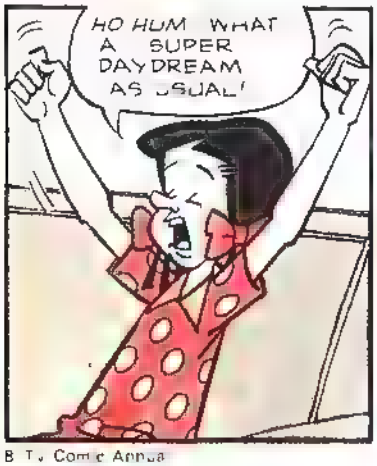
NELLY and her TELLY

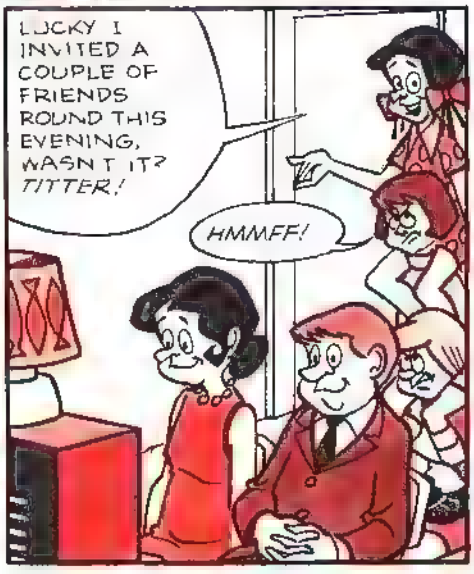






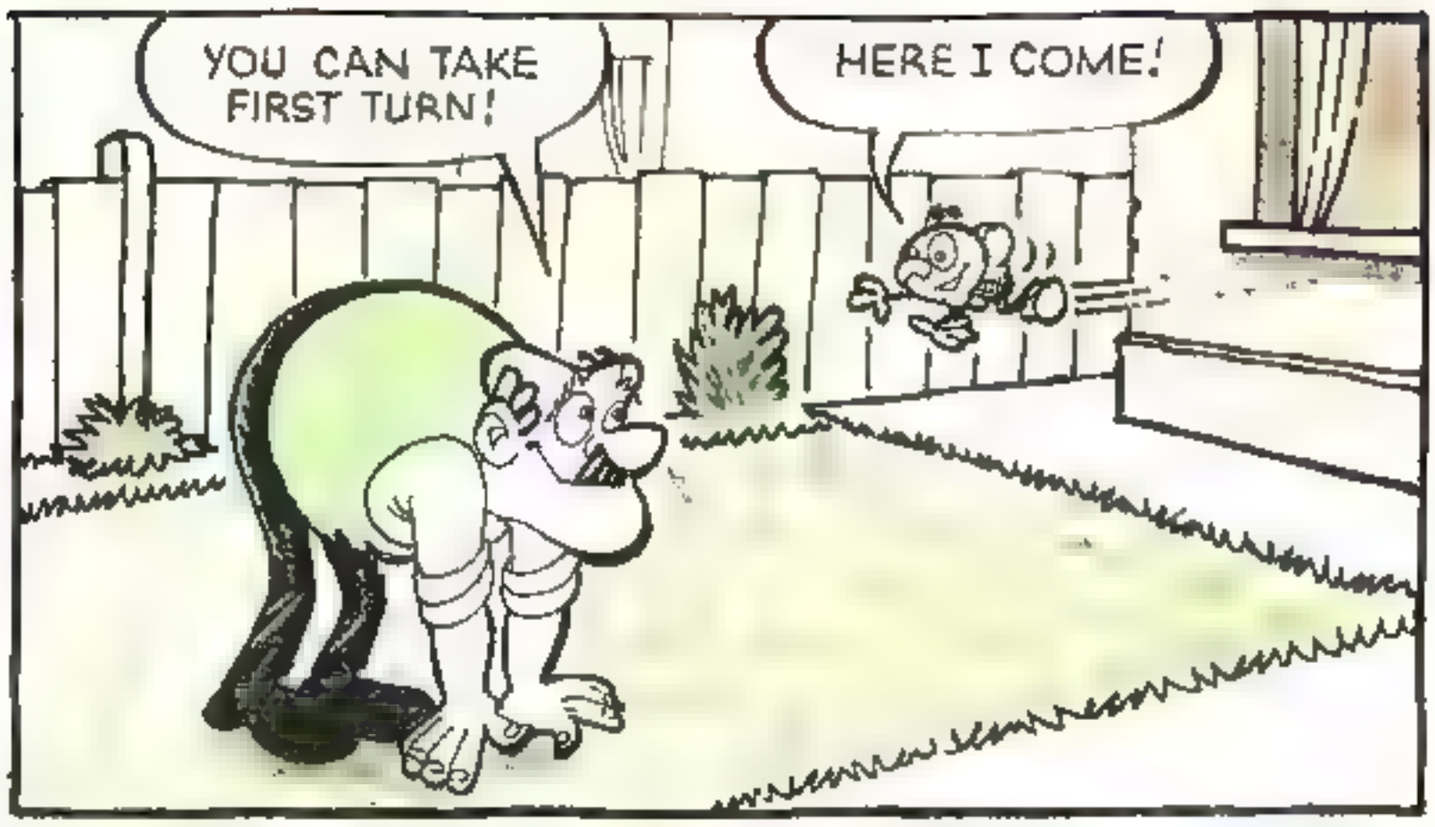


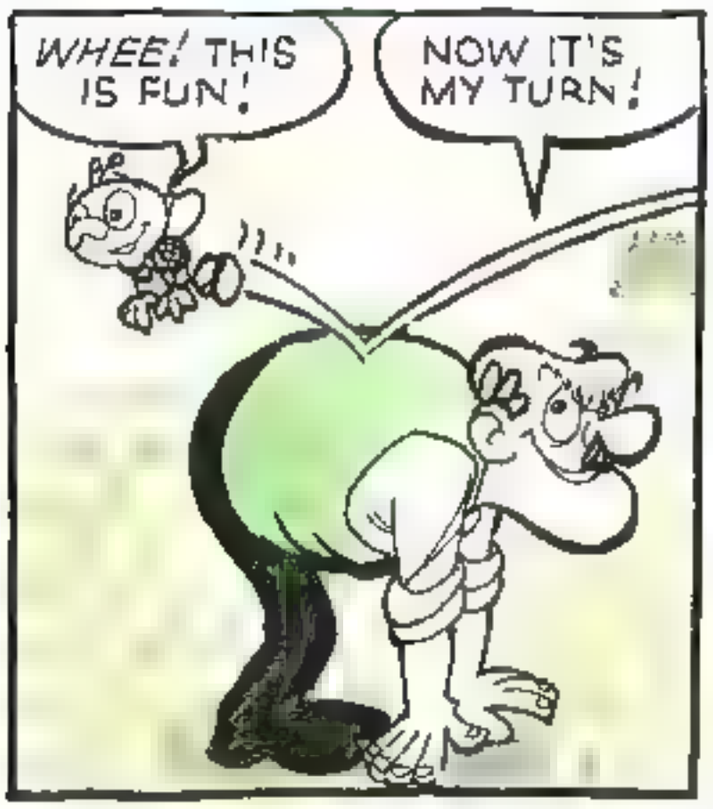


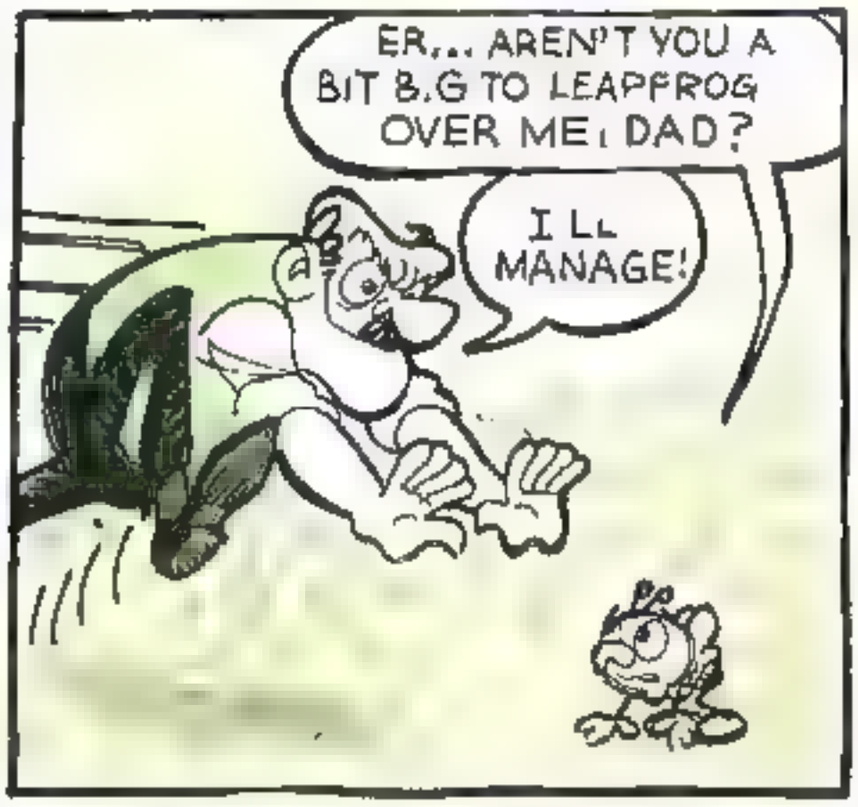


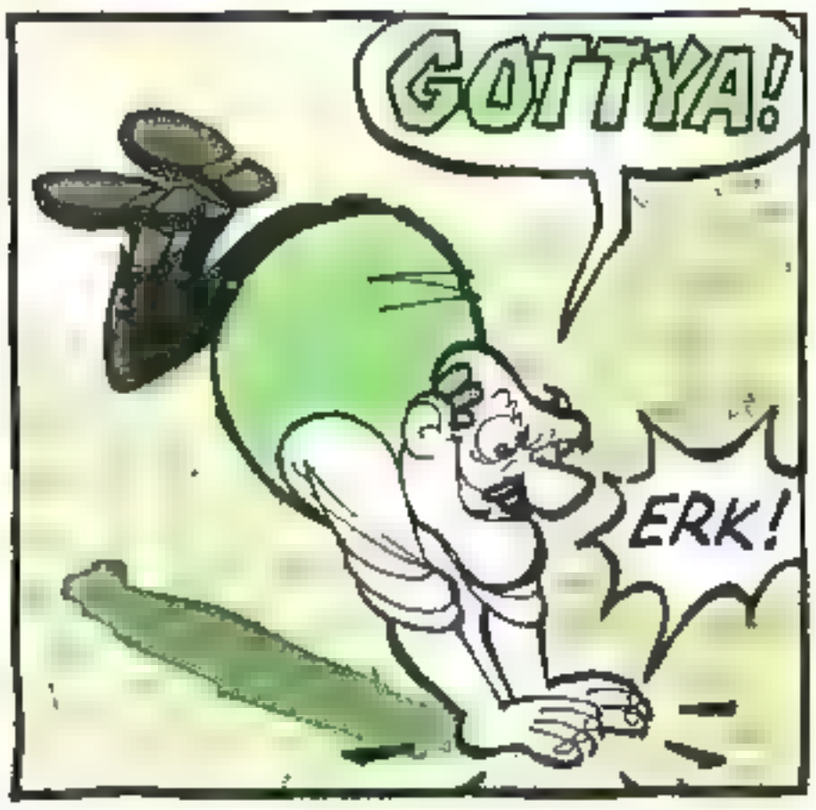
Mighty Moth

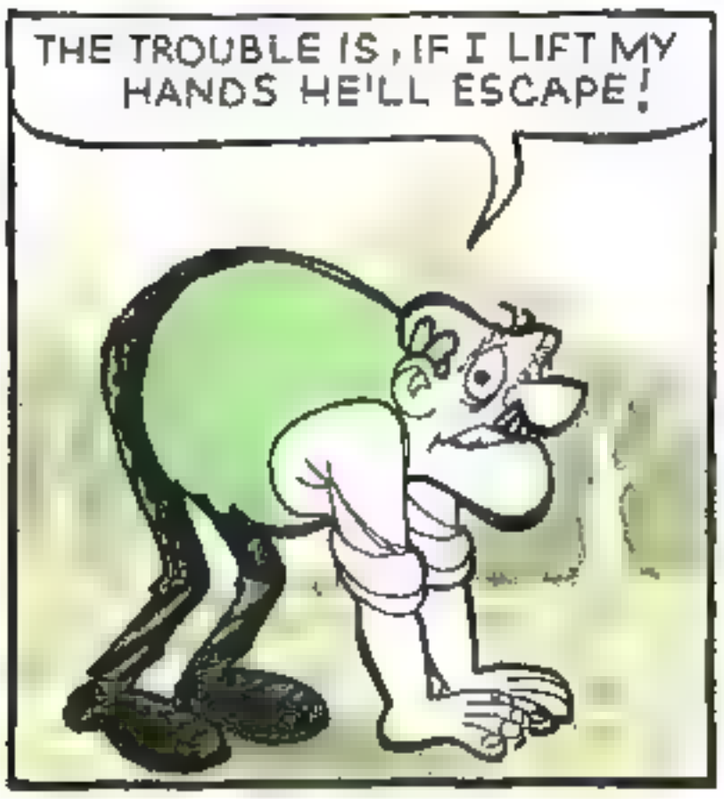
HOW ABOUT A GAME OF LEAPFROG, MOTHY?
OKAY, DAD!

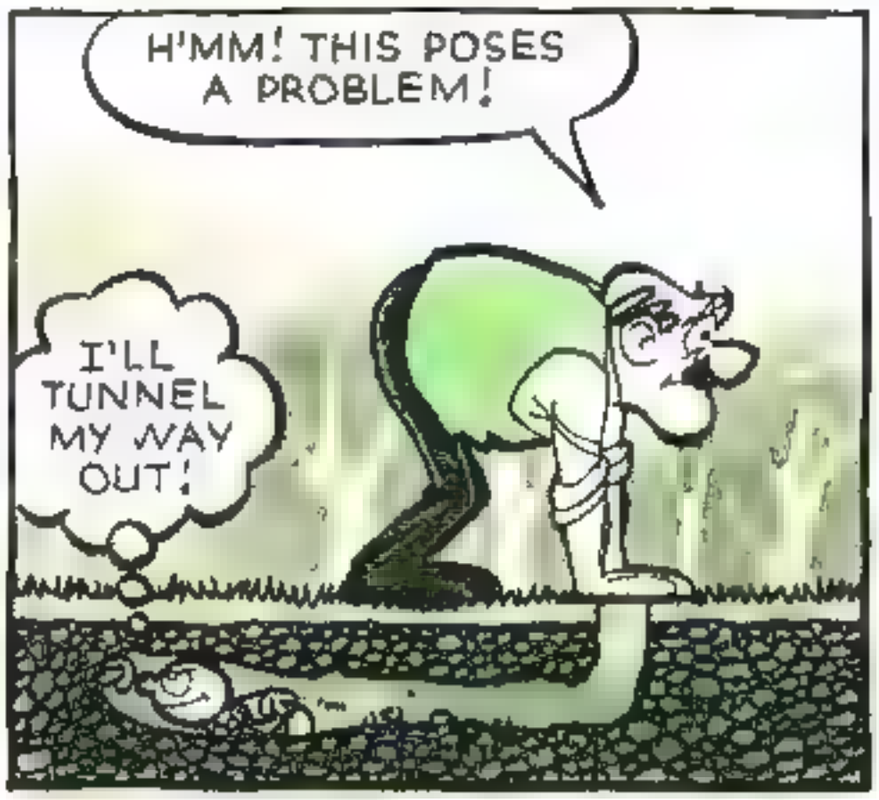

YOU CAN TAKE FIRST TURN!
HERE I COME!


WHEE! THIS IS FUN!
NOW IT'S MY TURN!

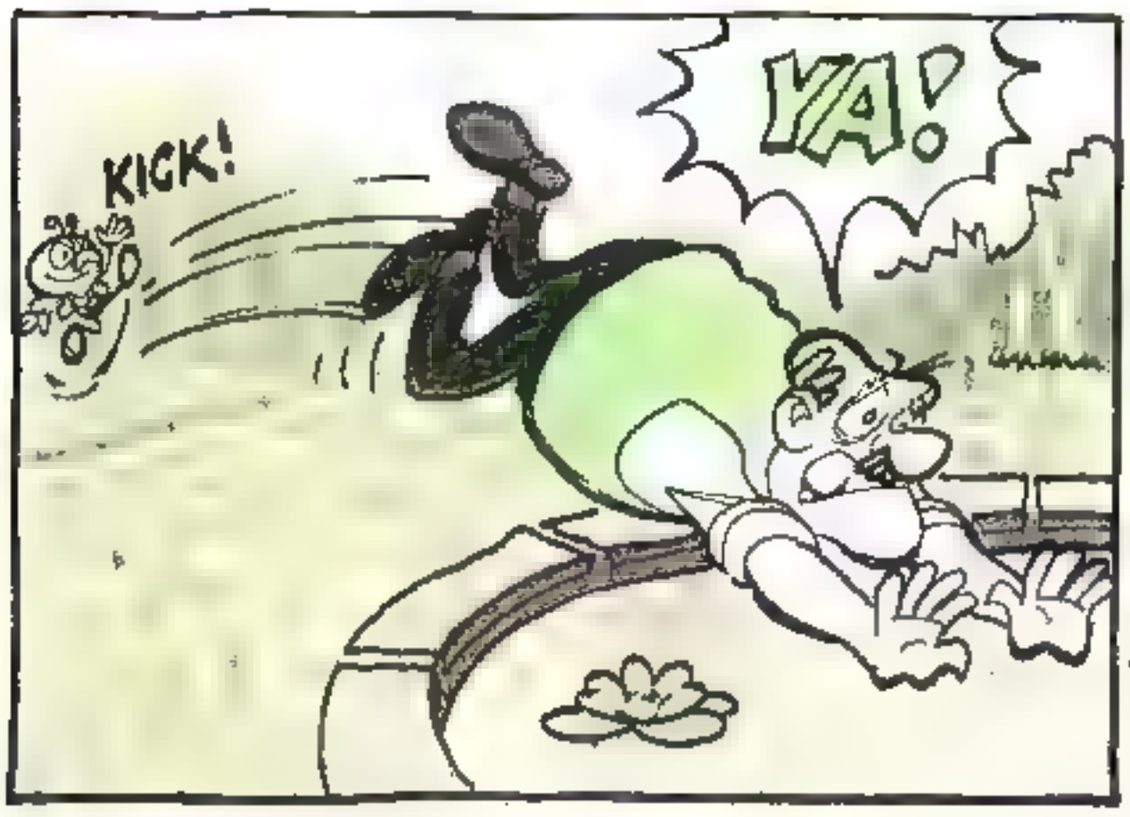

ER... AREN'T YOU A BIT B.G TO LEAPFROG OVER ME, DAD?
I LL MANAGE!


GOTTYA!
ERK!


THE TROUBLE IS, IF I LIFT MY HANDS HE'LL ESCAPE!


H'MM! THIS POSES A PROBLEM!
I'LL TUNNEL MY WAY OUT!

FREE AT LAST!
NOW I HAVE TO THINK THIS ONE OUT!


KICK!
YA!

SPLOSH!

YOU'RE BETTER OFF IN THE GARDEN POND, DAD — YOU CAN PLAY REAL LEAPFROG IN THERE! HO! HO!
CROAK!
FLOP!

TV TERRORS

H'MM! FRED AND CHARLIE'S HEEL CLAMPS ARE WEAR NG DOWN! I HAD BETTER GET THEM SOME NEW ONES.

THEY'LL BE READY FOR YOU IN THE AFTERNOON, SIR; IF YOU'D CARE TO CALL BACK.

GOOD! GOOD!

BOOTS & SHOES REPAIRED

COO! WHAT A CHANCE TO GET AT HOPPIT S BOOTS!

WELL, THAT'S THE BOOTS READY AND I'M OFF FOR LUNCH!

OKAY, CHUMS! IN WE GO!

THAT'S THE IDEA, BUTTONS. YOU TAKE OFF THESE HEEL CLAMPS...

...AND WE'LL REPLACE THEM WITH THE ONES I HAVE!

LATER...

RIGHT, BOOTS! ALL READY FOR ACTION AGAIN! TO THE STUDIO!

AKER

HOPPIT, PESTS!

THANKS HOPP.T! THANK YOU!

WHUMP!

THANKS ??? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?... YEEEEAAGH! WH-WHAT S HAPPEN NG??

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, HOPPIT!

CLUNK!

CLANK!

?

HO-HO! WE REPLACED HOPP,T'S HEEL CLAMPS W TH SUPER-STRONG MAGNETS!

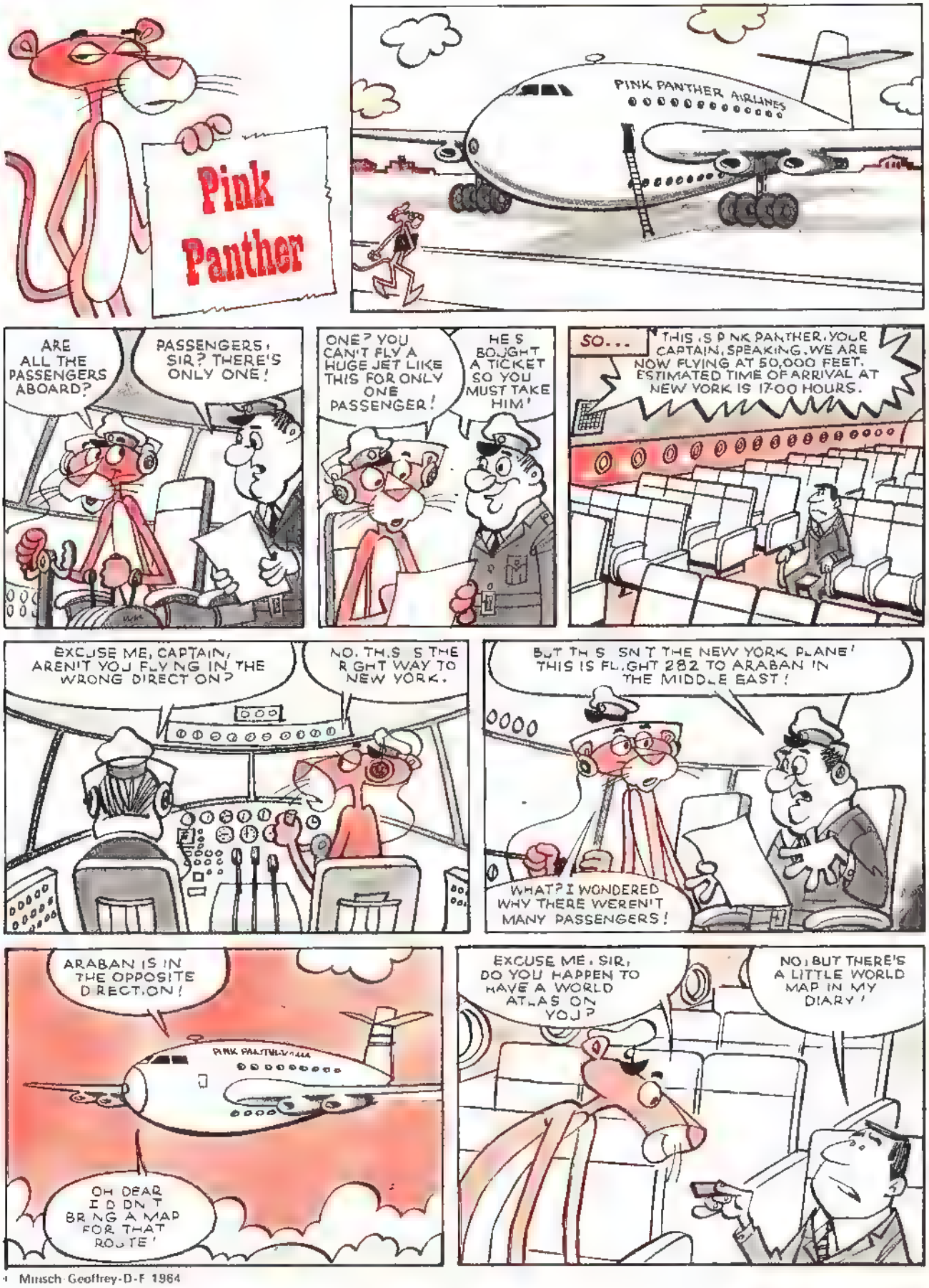
AND THEY'VE STUCK FAST TO THE METAL CANOPY OF THE STUDIO!

RECKON IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO BE A **HEEL**!

IT WAS ABOUT TIME WE...ER... **CLAMPED DOWN** ON HOPPIT! TEE-HEE!

HA'HA'

AUTO-GRAPHS


Pink Panther
PINK PANTHER AIRLINES
ARE ALL THE PASSENGERS ABOARD?
PASSENGERS, SIR? THERE'S ONLY ONE!
ONE? YOU CAN'T FLY A HUGE JET LIKE THIS FOR ONLY ONE PASSENGER!
HE'S BOUGHT A TICKET SO YOU MUST TAKE HIM!
SO...
THIS IS PINK PANTHER, YOUR CAPTAIN, SPEAKING. WE ARE NOW FLYING AT 50,000 FEET. ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK IS 17:00 HOURS.
EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, AREN'T YOU FLYING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION?
NO. THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY TO NEW YORK.
BUT THIS ISN'T THE NEW YORK PLANE! THIS IS FLIGHT 282 TO ARABAN IN THE MIDDLE EAST!
WHAT? I WONDERED WHY THERE WEREN'T MANY PASSENGERS!
ARABAN IS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!
OH DEAR I DON'T BRING A MAP FOR THAT ROUTE!
EXCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A WORLD ATLAS ON YOU?
NO, BUT THERE'S A LITTLE WORLD MAP IN MY DIARY!

Minsch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

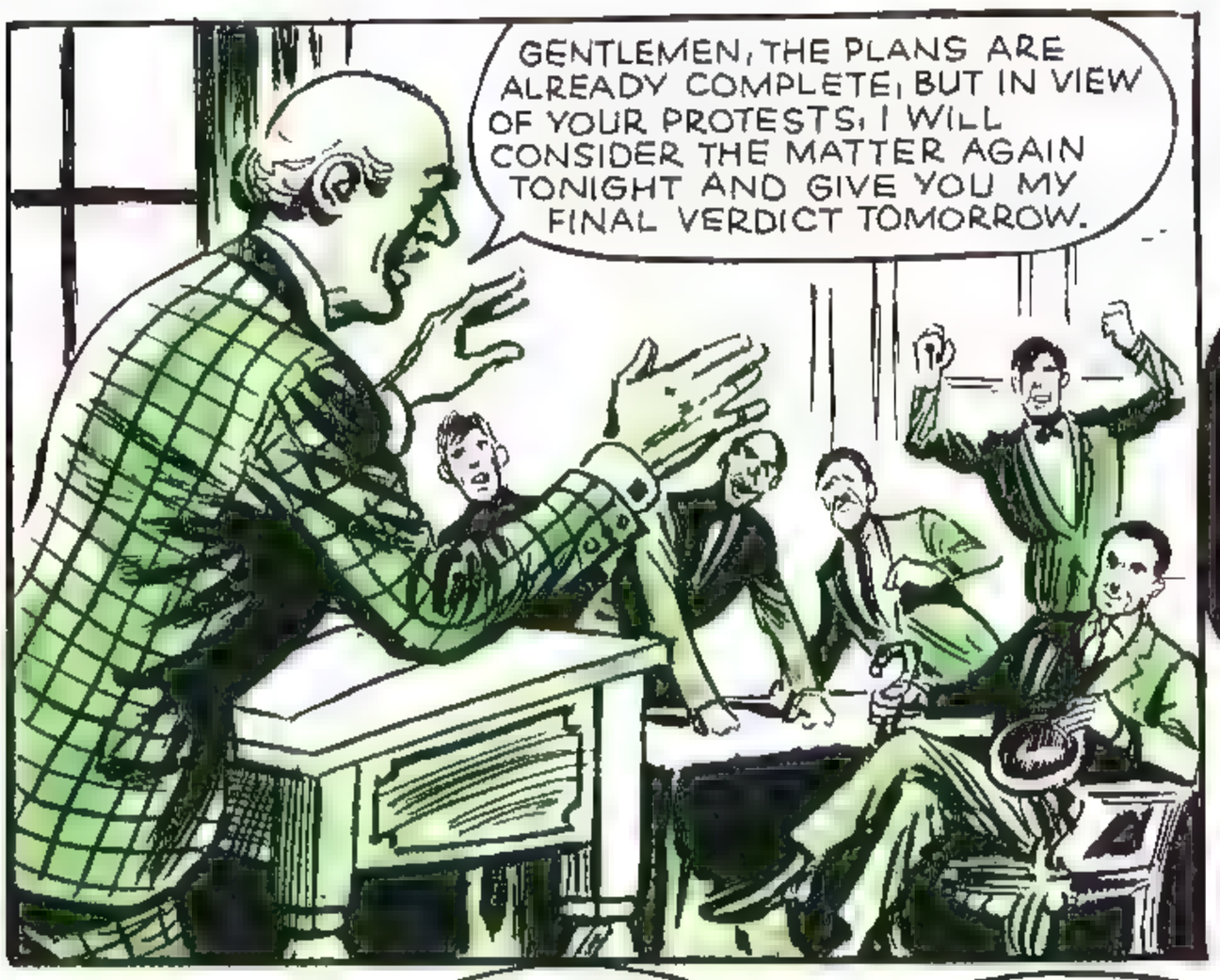
AH, HERE WE ARE. DOWN HERE AND TURN LEFT AT G.BRALTAR.
HOURS LATER...
WON'T BE LONG NOW!
AT LAST...
ARABAN AIRPORT
THANKS, THAT WAS A VERY COMFORTABLE FLIGHT.
TOUGHT TO BE. IT COST £2000 TO GET HERE!
FETCHER UP AHMED. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO LONDON.
SORRY M'STER, NO CASH— NO JUICE
HIGH OCTANE FUEL
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!
EXCUSE ME, SHEIKH. WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY MY 250 SEATER JET AIRCRAFT?
HMM! MIGHT COME IN HANDY WHEN I TAKE MY WIVES AND CHILDREN ON HOLIDAY! IT'S A DEAL!
NOW WE MUST BUY OURSELVES A TICKET BACK TO LONDON!
BUT WE'RE THE ONLY AIRLINE THAT RUNS FROM HERE!
LATER...
THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING. WE'RE DRIFTING NORTH AT 3 KNOTS. ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL IN LONDON IS NEXT TUESDAY FORTNIGHT.
THAT DOPE HASN'T GOT A MAP EITHER!

THE AVENGERS

The Woodland Folk

JOHN STEED AND TARA KING ARE ON SECURITY DUTY GUARDING SIR REGINALD BLOWER, MINISTER OF DEVELOPMENT, WHO IS ATTENDING A VERY STORMY MEETING OF CITIZENS OF NOTTINGHAM, WHICH IS BEING HELD IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSAL TO BUILD A NEW TOWN ON SHERWOOD FOREST LAND IS A DISGRACE, MINISTER!
HEAR, HEAR! OUR LOVELY FOREST WOULD BE DESTROYED!


GENTLEMEN, THE PLANS ARE ALREADY COMPLETE, BUT IN VIEW OF YOUR PROTESTS, I WILL CONSIDER THE MATTER AGAIN TONIGHT AND GIVE YOU MY FINAL VERDICT TOMORROW.

WHY DID THEY HAVE THE MEETING IN THE CASTLE, STEED?
SECURITY, TARA. WE WANTED TO AVOID TROUBLE FROM DEMONSTRATORS PROTESTING ABOUT THE BUILDING OF THE NEW TOWN. FEELINGS ARE RUNNING VERY HIGH, YOU KNOW!

Based on the Thames Television production

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

THERE WASN'T TIME FOR HIM TO HAVE GONE ALONG THE CORRIDOR!

STEED, LOOK — A PIECE FROM SIR REGINALD'S COAT!

THIS FLAGSTONE MUST HAVE PIVOTED SOMEHOW. HELP ME TO EXAMINE IT, TARA, AND WE'LL—

WHOOPS!

HELP, IT'S PIVOTED, AGAIN!

OUCH! WHERE ARE WE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THERE'S A LIGHT MOVING AHEAD THERE — LET'S FOLLOW IT!

FOR THE AVENGERS, THE JOURNEY ALONG THE PASSAGE SEEMS ENDLESS...

WHO CAN THEY BE?

GOODNESS KNOWS, BUT I THINK THEY HAVE OLD BLOWER WITH THEM!

BUT AT LENGTH THEY REACH THE END AND—

GOLLY, WE'RE IN SHERWOOD FOREST!

AND LOOK WHO'S GOT SIR REGINALD!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS VILLAIN, ROBIN?

AYE— SHALL WE STRING THE ROGUE UP OR PUT AN ARROW THROUGH HIM?

HOLD HARD! YOU MUST NOT HARM SIR REGINALD!

WHY NOT, STRANGER? WORD HAS REACHED OUR EARS THAT HE PLANS TO DESTROY THE FOREST!

BUT THE FOREST MUST GO, SO THAT WE CAN BUILD HOUSES...

WELL... OF COURSE, PEOPLE MUST HAVE DWELLINGS, BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE WOODLAND FOLK WHO LIVE HERE ALREADY?

THEN YOU ARE MORE STUPID THAN YOU LOOK, SIRE— COME, I WILL SHOW YOU!

QUITE RIGHT, SIR REGGIE— PEOPLE MUST HAVE SOMEWHERE TO LIVE!

LIVE HERE ALREADY? I THOUGHT THE FOREST WAS EMPTY!

FOR INSTANCE, HARVEY HEDGEHOG AND HIS FAMILY LIVE HERE IN HOLLOW OAK...

AND, OF COURSE, HERE LIVES GARLAND WITH HER DAUGHTER, HYACINTH.

AS YOU SEE, THE WHOLE FOREST IS REALLY DENSELY POPULATED!

YE..E..ES... I SEE THAT NOW!

WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE FOR OUR NEW TOWN!

SPLENDID — WE WILL DRINK YOUR HEALTH THEN, SIRE. FETCH A GLASS OF MEAD FOR EVERYONE!

I'M SURPRISED YOU STILL LIVE IN SHERWOOD FOREST, ROBIN. I THOUGHT YOU AND YOUR MEN WERE HERE AT THE TIME OF THE PLANTAGENET KINGS?

OH... I SUDDENLY FEEL SO SLEEPY, STEED!

AND SO WE WERE, BUT WE ARE LEGENDARY FOLK, IMMORTAL GUARDIANS OF THIS FOREST — SLEEP WELL, MY FRIENDS!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HOW ON EARTH DID WE GET HERE?

I'VE NO IDEA. I CAN'T REMEMBER A THING AFTER LEAVING THE MEETING, BUT I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND TO CANCEL THE PLAN FOR THE NEW TOWN... THOUGH I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY, BUT NEVER MIND...!

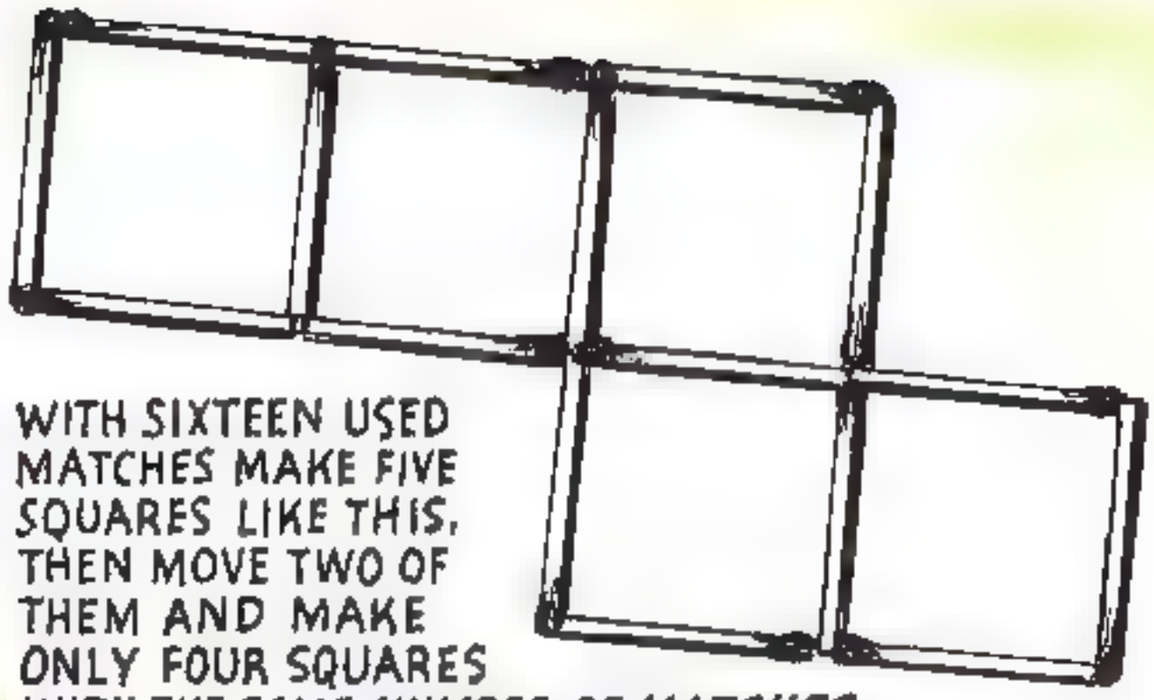
AND SO, LATER THAT DAY...

NO NEW TOWN FOR SHERWOOD — HURRAH! GOOD OLD BLOWER!

WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF SIR REGGIE ALL RIGHT, STEED, BUT I WISH I COULD REMEMBER HOW WE DID IT!

ME TOO, TARA — STILL, IT'S A JOB WELL DONE, SO IT'S A FEATHER IN OUR CAP, AS YOU MIGHT SAY!

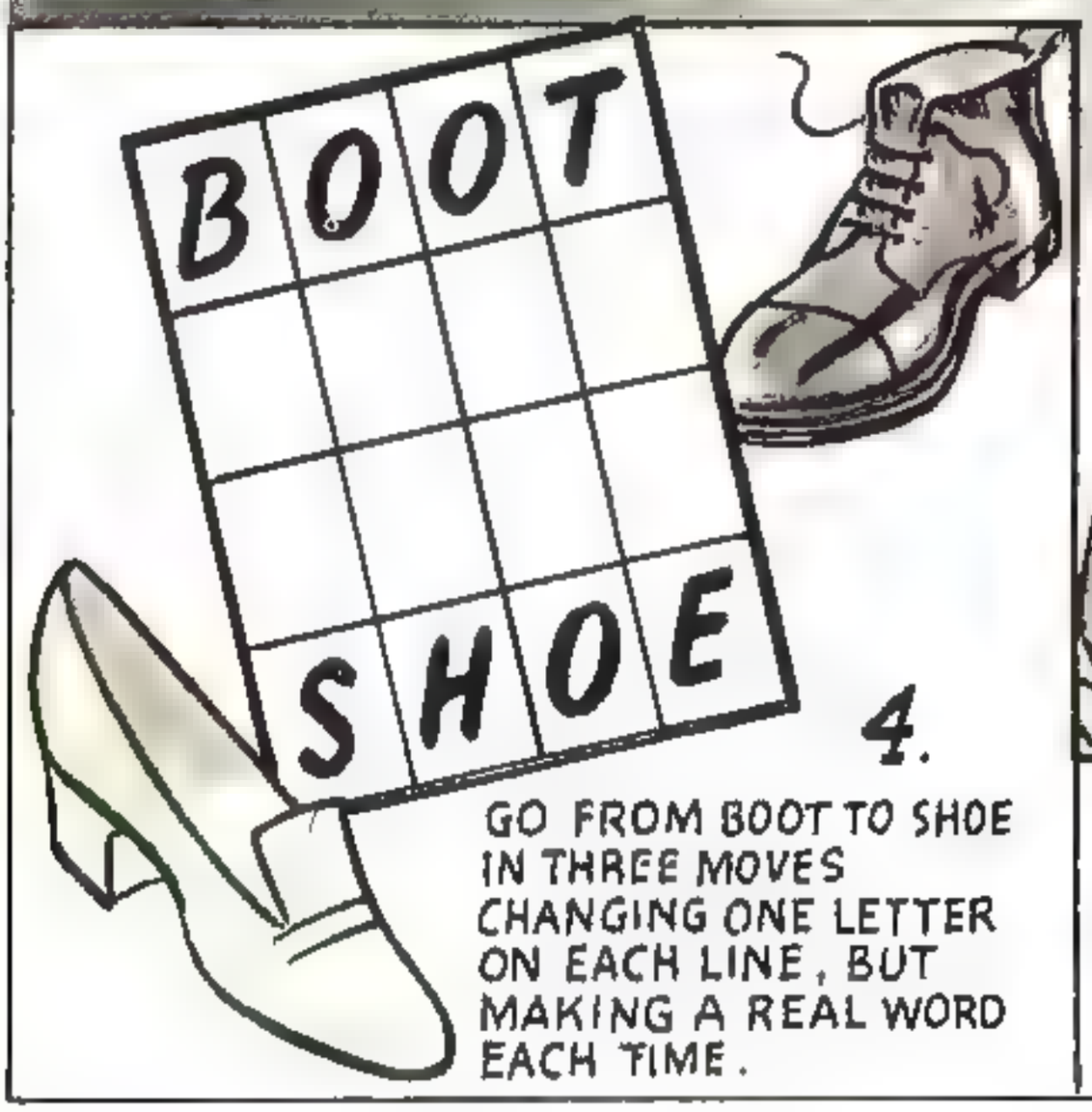
PUZZLE PAGE



1. WITH SIXTEEN USED MATCHES MAKE FIVE SQUARES LIKE THIS, THEN MOVE TWO OF THEM AND MAKE ONLY FOUR SQUARES *WITH THE SAME NUMBER OF MATCHES*

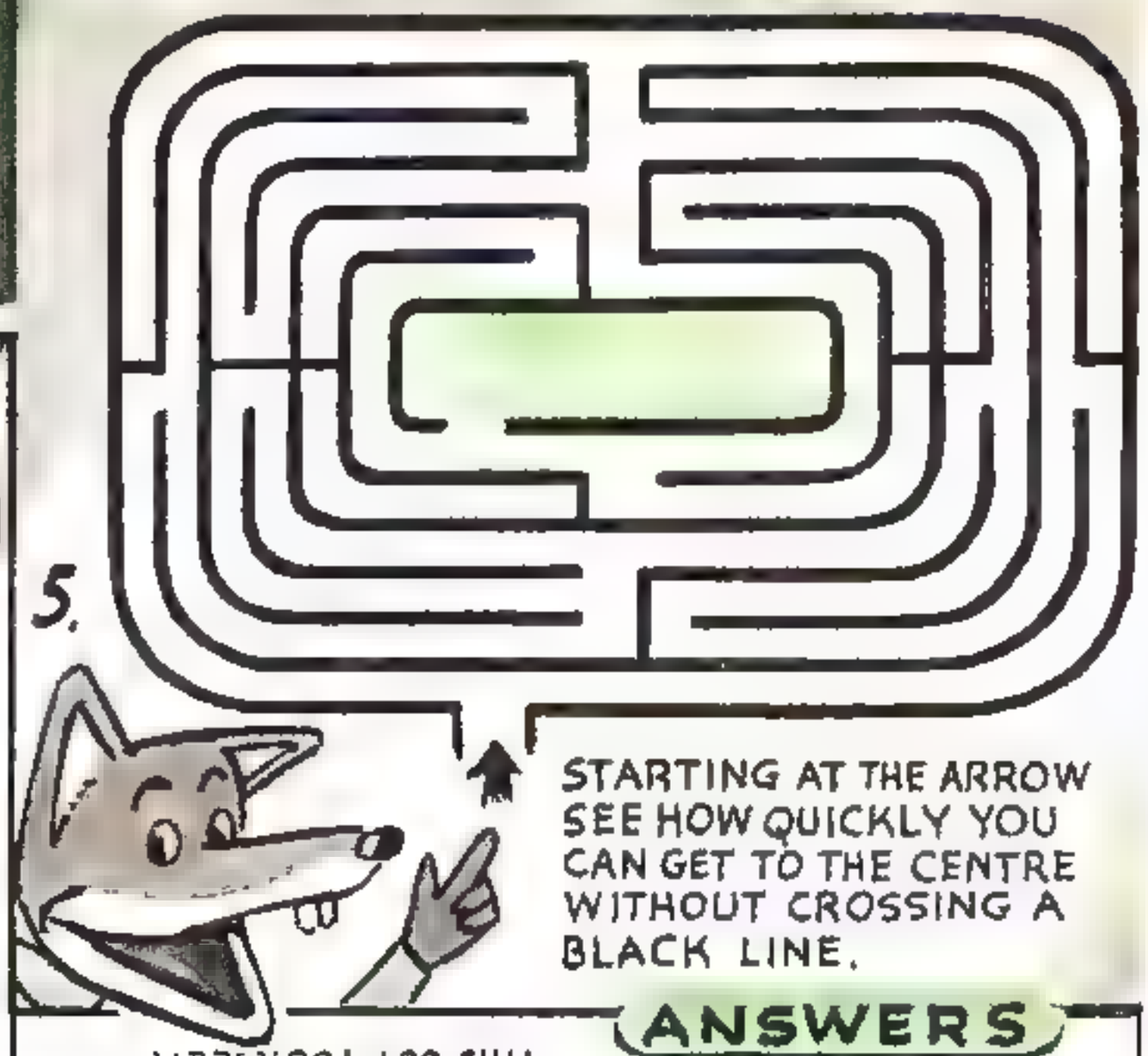
2 LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE TWO PICTURES AND SEE HOW MANY THINGS ARE DIFFERENT IN THE ONE ON THE RIGHT.

3.



4.

GO FROM BOOT TO SHOE IN THREE MOVES CHANGING ONE LETTER ON EACH LINE, BUT MAKING A REAL WORD EACH TIME.



5.

STARTING AT THE ARROW SEE HOW QUICKLY YOU CAN GET TO THE CENTRE WITHOUT CROSSING A BLACK LINE.

ANSWERS

1

2 CHIMNEYS, MONICA, HAIR AND LEGS, CUTHBERT, FACE, HAND AND JEANS, BUTTONS, ARM AND STOCKINGS, DOG AND BALL - *YOU MAY FIND SOME MORE*

3 A TOWEL

4 BOOT, SOOT, SHOT, SHOE.

5 YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND THIS OUT YOURSELF.

PICK OF THE JOKES

"THE NEW CHEF SURE HAS IMPROVED THESE WINE GUMS!"

"CAN'T YOU READ THAT NOTICE, MADAM?"

"EXCUSE ME, WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR HAT?"

"I THOUGHT I HEARD A GROWL TOO!"

"AS YOU SEE, SIR, OUR RAINCOATS ARE GUARANTEED WEATHERPROOF!"

Animal Magic

by Johnny Morris

Although some tigers live in very warm places many tigers live in quite cold places and they like swimming in cold water.

MMMM! NICE NIP IN THE A.R THIS MORNING!
I KNOW, BUT JUST LOOK AT THE HAIR OF OUR NIPPER!
COR, YOUR TONGUE ISN'T HALF ROUGH, MA!
I HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING YET!
I GOT A PROPER LICKING JUST NOW!
OUR MUM REALLY LAPS IT UP!
SHALL I SWIM NOW OR AFTER FEEDING TIME?
YOU SHOULD NEVER SWIM AFTER FEEDING TIME!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN TIGERS BEFORE, HAVE YOU ?
NO, THEY ARE JUST BIG PUSSY CATS!
OH, MY GOODNESS! WHAT A LOVELY PONY!
OH, YUM YUM, OH YUMYUMYUM!
LET ME GET AT THAT LOVELY PONY!
SAVE SOME FOR ME!
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT TIGERS COULD SWIM!
TIGERS CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING!
I'M AFRAID I GOT CARRIED AWAY!
I WOULD LIKE TO CARRY THAT PONY AWAY!
DO THEY WANT TO PLAY?
SORT OF, BUT THEY'RE VERY ROUGH YOU KNOW!
GIBBINSON

DAD'S ARMY
THIS IS FROM H.Q. OUR PLATOON IS REQUIRED FOR GUARD DUTY THIS WEEKEND!
NOT THAT DRAUGHTY RAILWAY TUNNEL AGAIN, I HOPE.
NOR THE GAS WORKS. IT SMELLS SO, DON'T YOU THINK?
IT'S NEITHER. IT'S SOME PLACE CALLED BUCK HOUSE WHEREVER THAT MAY BE.
PERMISSION TO SPEAK, SIR!
BUCK HOUSE IS IN LONDON, MR MAINWARING. IT'S WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES RESIDE. BUCK HOUSE IS WHAT US OLD'UNS CALL BUCKINGHAM PALACE!
I HARDLY THINK WE'D BE CALLED UPON TO GUARD BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JONESIE!
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT, SERGEANT WILSON! WE'RE A SMART BODY OF MEN. WORD GETS AROUND Y'KNOW!
RIGHT, MEN. I WANT A SMART TURN OUT THIS WEEKEND. BAGS OF SPIT AND POLISH. SCARVES WILL NOT BE WORN, PIKE, AND I SUGGEST YOU WATCH IT, WALKER, OR YOU MIGHT END UP IN THE TOWER!
NEXT DAY...
MY, MY! WE ARE LOOKING SMART TODAY. EXPECTING ROYALTY, ARE WE?
PUSH OFF, MAN!
AFTER THIS WEEKEND I SHALL PROBABLY BE DISPLAYING A 'BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT' SIGN OUTSIDE MY SHOP, AND SO WILL MR FRAZER TOO!
NO TALKING IN THE RANKS. HERE COMES THE TRANSPORT!

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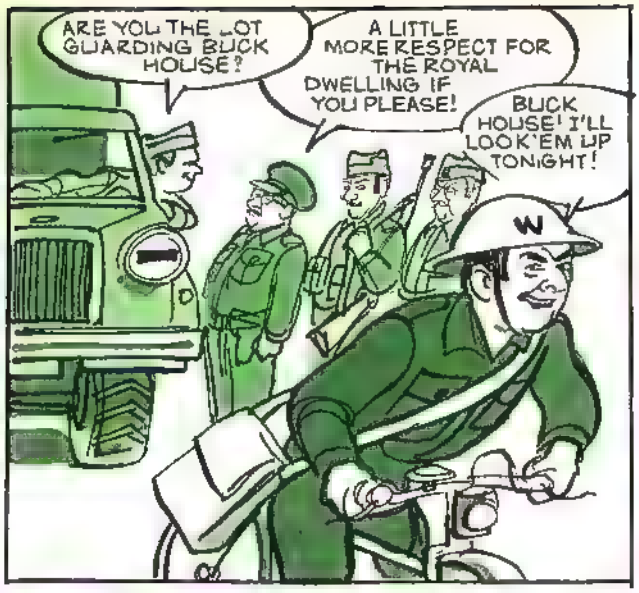
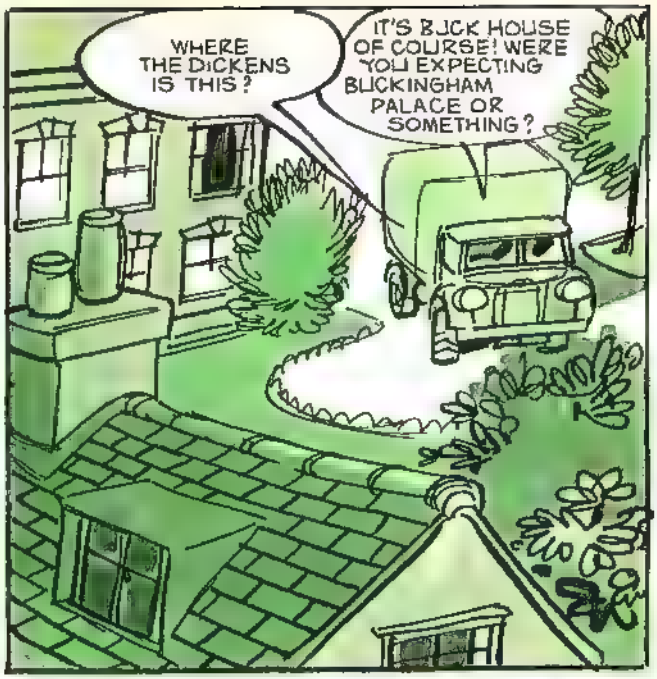
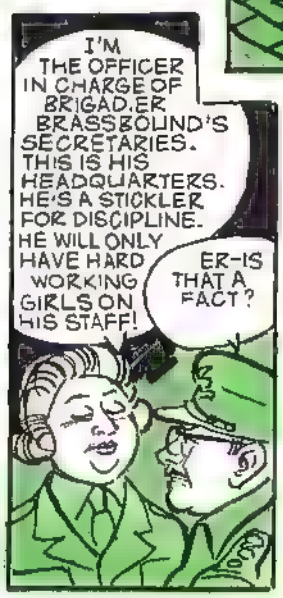

ARE YOU THE LOT GUARDING BUCK HOUSE?
A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR THE ROYAL DWELLING IF YOU PLEASE!
BUCK HOUSE! I'LL LOOK 'EM UP TONIGHT!


WHERE THE DICKENS IS THIS?
IT'S BUCK HOUSE OF COURSE! WERE YOU EXPECTING BUCKINGHAM PALACE OR SOMETHING?

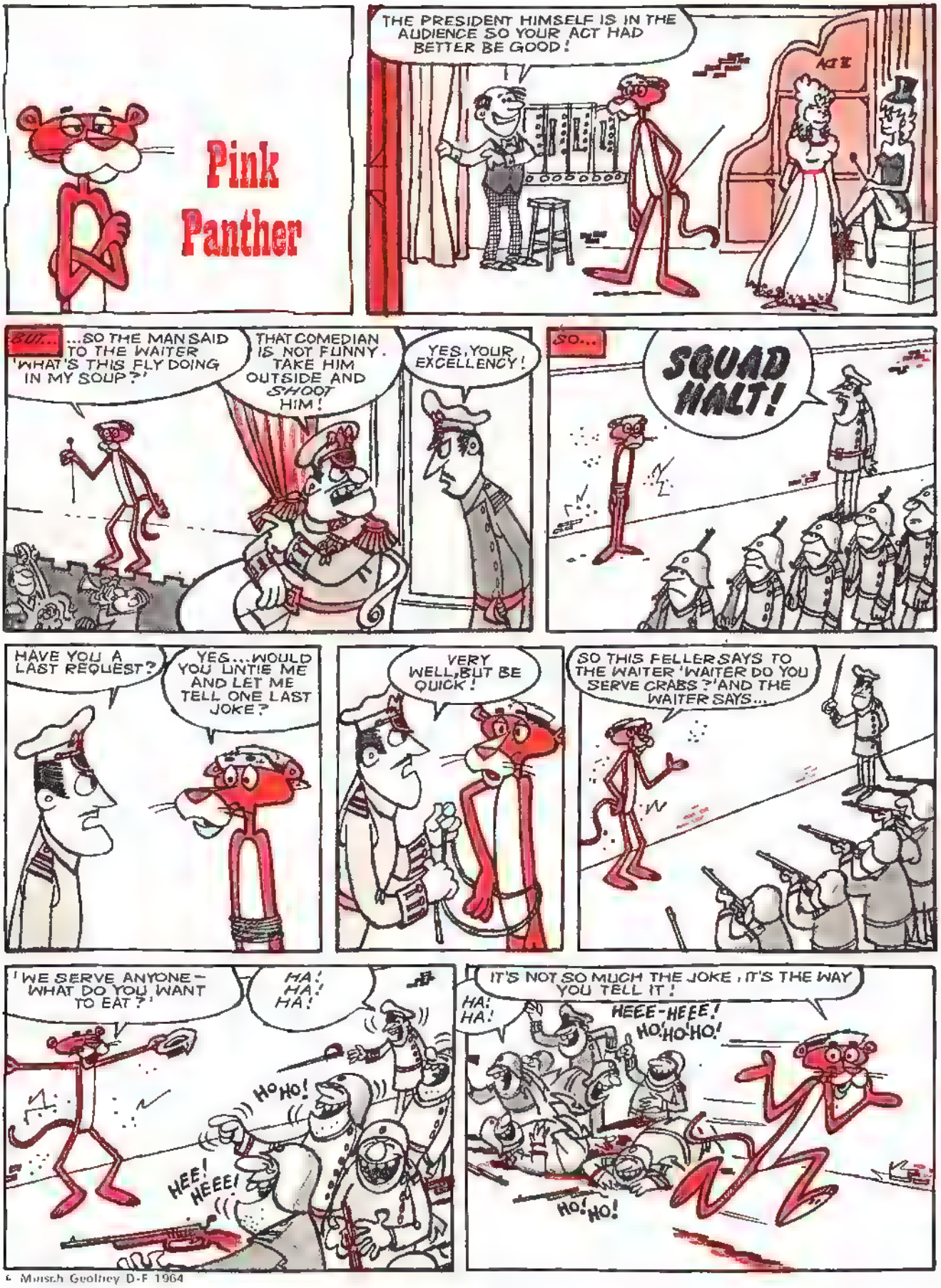
AH! YOU MUST BE THE TROOPS SENT TO GUARD US GIRLS FOR THE WEEKEND!
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM?


I'M THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF BRIGADIER BRASSBOUND'S SECRETARIES. THIS IS HIS HEADQUARTERS. HE'S A STICKLER FOR DISCIPLINE. HE WILL ONLY HAVE HARD WORKING GIRLS ON HIS STAFF!
ER-IS THAT A FACT?

THAT IS WHY ON WEEKENDS WHILE HE IS AWAY I LET THE GIRLS HAVE A PARTY! PLEASE BE OUR GUESTS!

THIS IS ALL VERY WELL, MA'AM, BUT MY MEN SHOULD BE OUTSIDE ON GUARD. SUPPOSING SOMEONE SHOULD COME PROWLING ROUND?
THEY'LL SOON WISH THAT THEY HADN'T!

THE BRIGADIER BREEDS BULLDOGS. WHILE YOU ARE SAFE IN HERE, I'VE LET THEM OUT IN THE GROUNDS FOR EXERC SE!


Pink Panther
THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF IS IN THE AUDIENCE SO YOUR ACT HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
Act II
BUT...
...SO THE MAN SAID TO THE WAITER 'WHAT'S THIS FLY DOING IN MY SOUP?'
THAT COMEDIAN IS NOT FUNNY. TAKE HIM OUTSIDE AND SHOOT HIM!
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!
SO...
SQUAD HALT!
HAVE YOU A LAST REQUEST?
YES...WOULD YOU UNTIE ME AND LET ME TELL ONE LAST JOKE?
VERY WELL, BUT BE QUICK!
SO THIS FELLER SAYS TO THE WAITER 'WAITER DO YOU SERVE CRABS?' AND THE WAITER SAYS...
'WE SERVE ANYONE — WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT?'
HA! HA! HA!
HO HO!
HEE! HEEE!
IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE JOKE, IT'S THE WAY YOU TELL IT!
HA! HA!
HEEE-HEEE!
HO! HO! HO!
HO! HO!

© Munsch Geoffrey D-F 1964

BEEP BEEP
The Road Runner
ANOTHER SCORCHING DAY I FEAR I HASN'T RAINED FOR OVER A YEAR!
WATER! WATER! GASP! WATER!
OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! OH, ME! OH, MY! AN UNFORTUNATE TRAVELLER HAS GONE DRY!
HEY THERE, STRANGER TAKE SOME SIPS, AND SLAKE YOUR POOR DRIED-UP LIPS.
HEH-HEH! I'M NOT THIRSTY, ROAD RUNNER... MORE HUNGRY! HO-HO!
YAAGH! IT'S WILE E.! WHAT A ROTTEN WHEEZE! I THOUGHT THAT HE'D DRIED UP FOR IDEAS!
WHAT A ROTTER! HOT WATER!
COOK BOOK
THAT'S CORRECT, ROAD RUNNER! I'LL MAKE A POT OF SOUP WITH YOU, FIRST! YUK! YUK!
NOTHING CAN GO WRONG TODAY! THE DOOR'S LOCKED... AND I'VE LEFT NOTHING AROUND FOR ROAD RUNNER TO HIT ME WITH! HEH-HEH!
DRIED VEGETABLES
THERE IS A DROUGHT! THAT'S VERY TRUE! EVEN THE VEG ARE DRIED-UP TOO!
INTO THE POT ONE PIECE GOES... I HOPE IT'S THE RIGHT ONE I CHOSE!
WELL! WELL! WELL! AN EXCELLENT CHOICE! IT WAS A CARROT! NOW LET'S REJOICE
SOME FOLKS MAY THINK REJOICING'S SILLY. BUT I REJOICE IN WOPPING WILE E.! HO-HO!
YEEEAAGH!
WAAH! BOO-HOO-HOO! SOMETHING ALWAYS GOES WRONG
WILE E COYOTE
TCH! WE CANNOT HAVE A BULLY THAT CRIES! HERE'S A HANK'E! DRY YOUR EYES! BEEP! BEEP! HO-HO! BEEP

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Tom and Jerry
BAH! CAN'T GRAB YOU WHILE YOU'RE ON THAT PESKY POGO STICK!
THAT'S THE IDEA!
HMM! IF I HAD A POGO STICK I'D STAND MORE CHANCE OF CATCHING JERRY!
BOING!
BOING!
BOING!
AHA! LOOKS LIKE A POGO STICK THAT NOBODY'S USING!
HMMM! RECKON THIS IS ONE OF THE LATEST AUTOMATIC MODELS... I'LL SWITCH IT ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
THUMP!
EEEEEEK!
WHAT THE??
CRACK!
HEY! LOOK WHAT THAT VANDAL'S DOIN' T' THE ROAD... BETTER GET AFTER HIM!
SCREECH
POLICE
BAH! CAN'T CHASE HIM IN THE CAR! THERE'S NO ROAD LEFT TO DRIVE ON!

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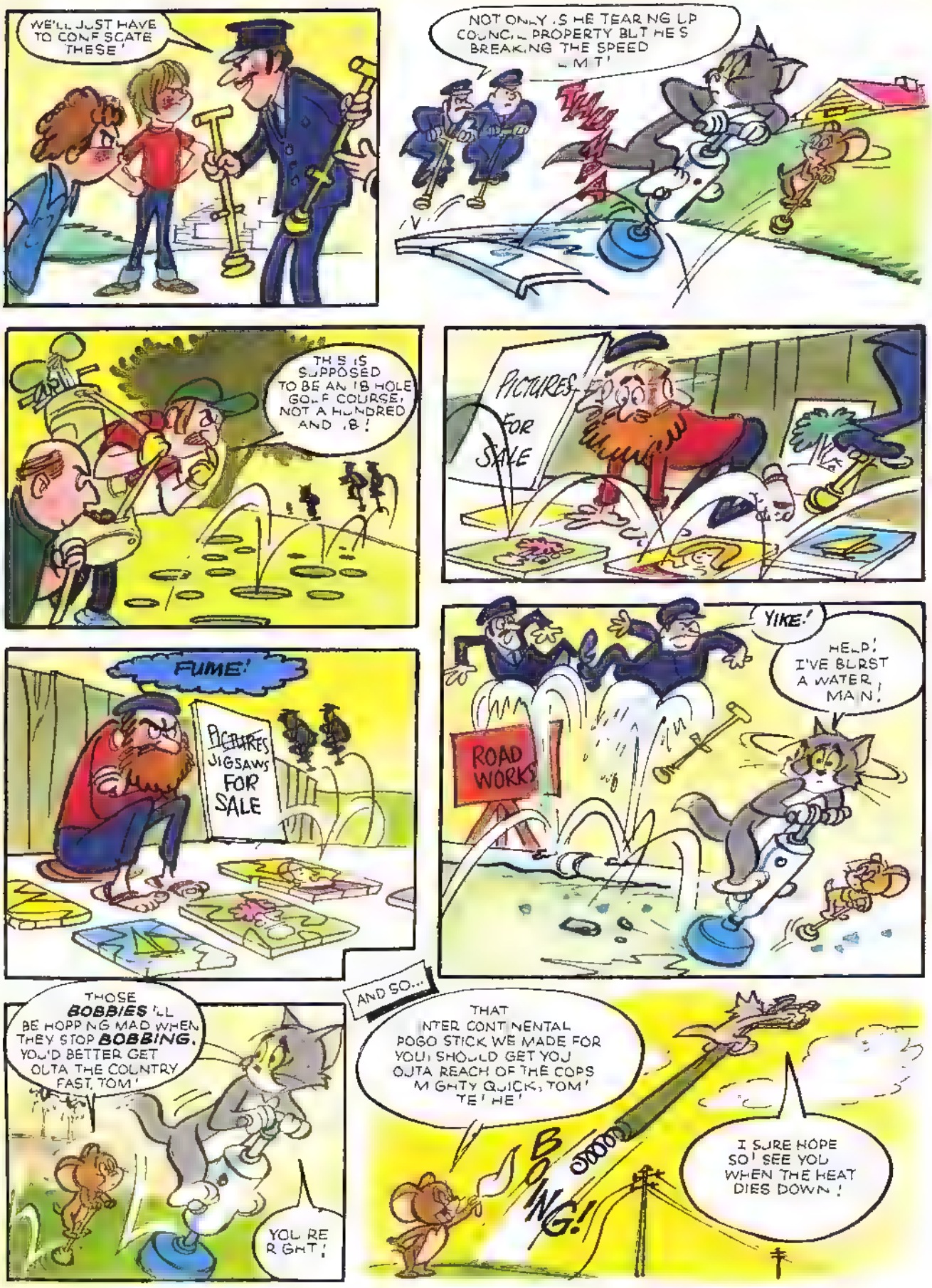
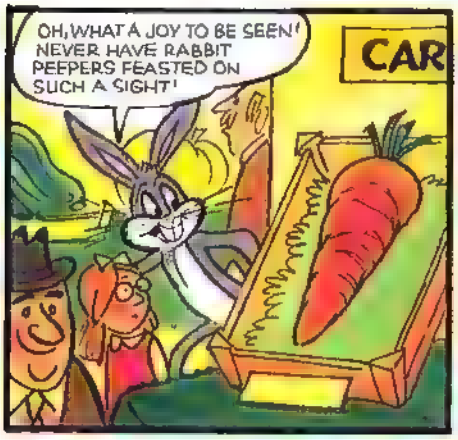
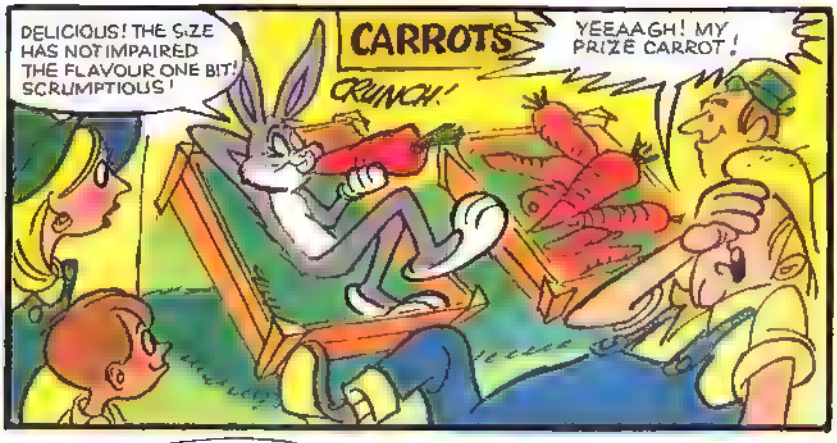
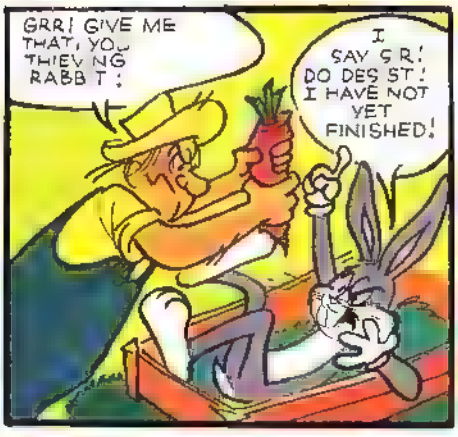

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CONFISCATE THESE!
NOT ONLY IS HE TEARING UP COUNCIL PROPERTY BUT HE'S BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT!
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN 18 HOLE GOLF COURSE, NOT A HUNDRED AND 18!
PICTURES FOR SALE
FUME!
PICTURES JIGSAWS FOR SALE
YIKE!
HELP! I'VE BURST A WATER MAIN!
ROAD WORKS
THOSE BOBBIES'LL BE HOPPING MAD WHEN THEY STOP BOBBING. YOU'D BETTER GET OUTA THE COUNTRY FAST, TOM!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
AND SO...
THAT INTERCONTINENTAL POGO STICK WE MADE FOR YOU! SHOULD GET YOU OUTA REACH OF THE COPS MIGHTY QUICK, TOM! TEE HEE!
BOING!
I SURE HOPE SO! SEE YOU WHEN THE HEAT DIES DOWN!

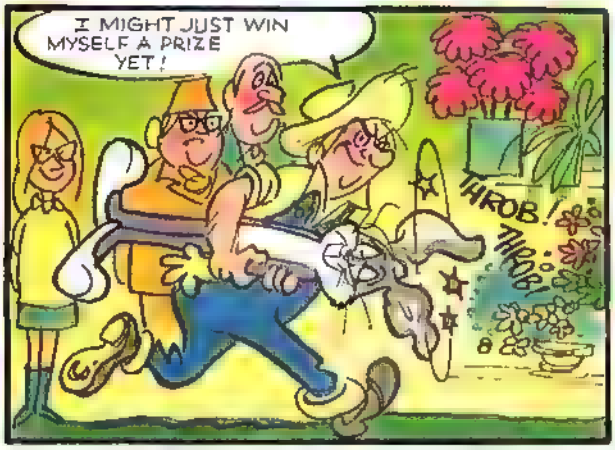
The Bugs Bunny Show

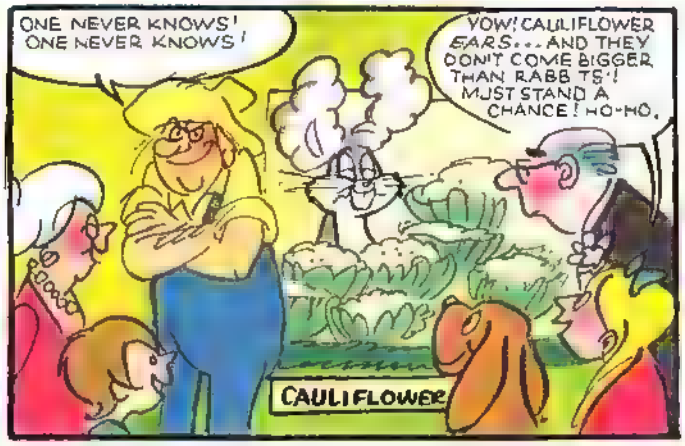
BY JIMMINY! A RABBIT CANNOT TURN DOWN AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS! VEGETABLES OF RARE AND WONDROUS SIZE AND QUALITY!
ANNUAL VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SHOW RICH PRIZES










ONE NEVER KNOWS! ONE NEVER KNOWS!
YOW! CAULIFLOWER EARS... AND THEY DON'T COME BIGGER THAN RABBITS'! MUST STAND A CHANCE! HO-HO.
CAULIFLOWER

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POPEYE
SPINACH
AS THIS IS AN ANNUAL EVENT I RECKON WE SHOULD TAKE A FAMILY PHOTYGRAPH!
I'LL TAKE THE PICTURE, POPEYE, AND THEN YOU'LL BE IN THE PICTURE TOO!
THAT'S DECENT OF YAH, BRUTUS!
IF YOU ALL STEP BACK TWO PACES, I CAN GET YOU ALL IN
O.K BACK WE GO, FOLKS!
HAW! HAW! HAW! THEY FELL FOR IT! I GOT 'EM ALL IN!
SPLISH!
SPLASH!
SPLUSH!
SPLOSH!
I SUPPOSE YA THINK THAT'S FUNNY!
SO'S THIS PICTURE GOING TO BE!
HOLD IT! DON'T TAKE THE PICTURE WITHOUT ME!
UH? WHO S YOU?
I'M DR. LOUNDER, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE ALL YEAR ROUND SWIMMING CLUB!
IS THAT A FACT? MEET THE FAMILY!
IT'S MY BIRTHDAY SO I AM INVITING ALL THOSE BATHING IN THE SEA TODAY TO DINE AT THE RITZPOSH HOTEL WITH ME!
HEY! WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET ANYTHING?
SINCE YOU INSISK! HERE'S A KNUCKLE SANDWICH!
HEH, HEH! THAT'S MY BOY!

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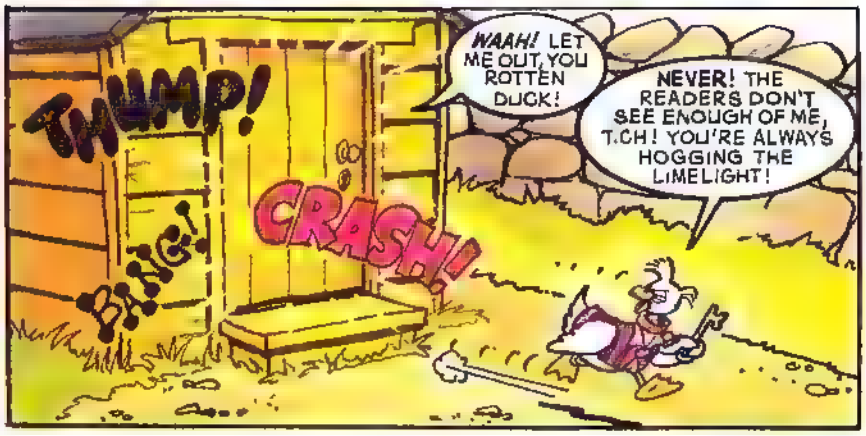
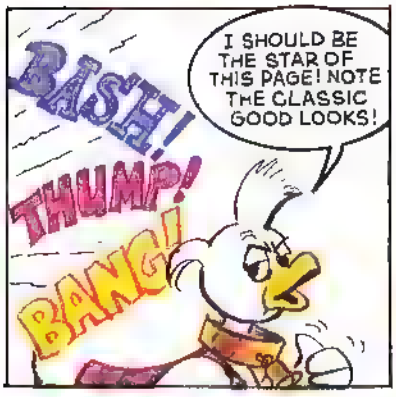
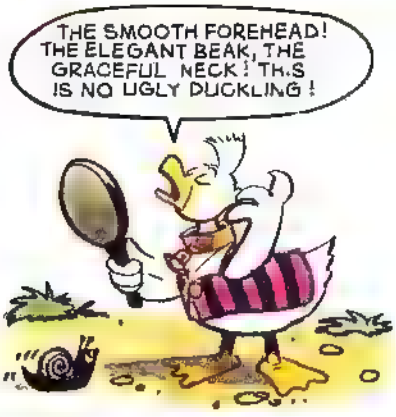
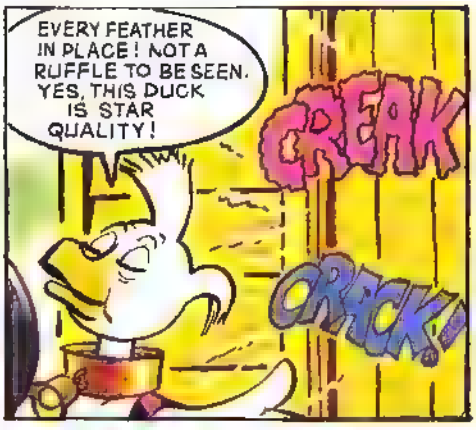
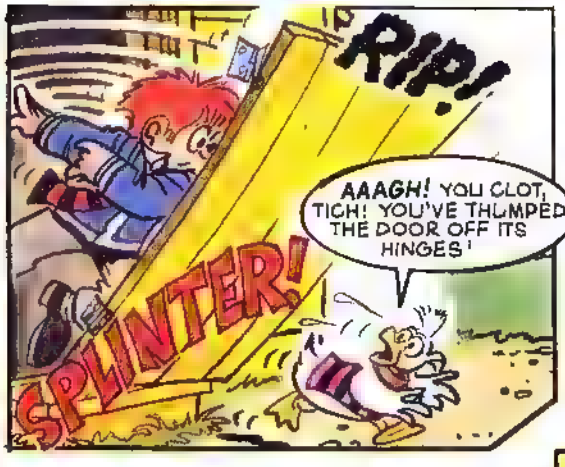
TICH and QUACKERS

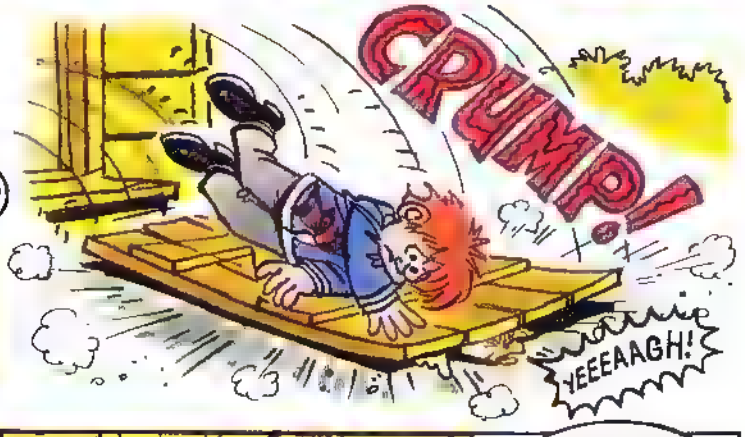

THUMP!
BANG!
CRASH!
WAAH! LET ME OUT, YOU ROTTEN DUCK!
NEVER! THE READERS DON'T SEE ENOUGH OF ME, T.CH! YOU'RE ALWAYS HOGGING THE LIMELIGHT!

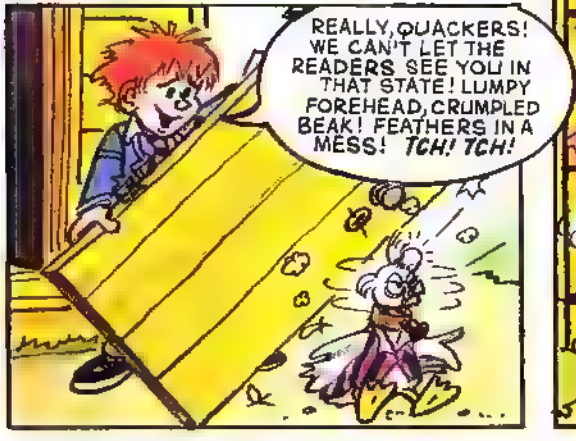


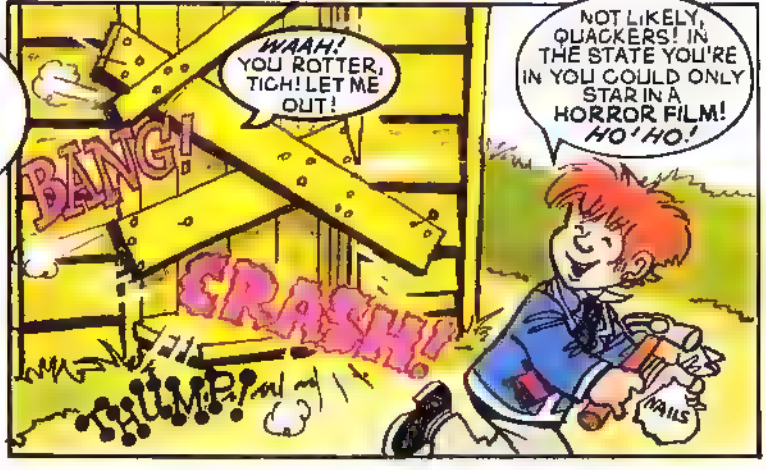











BANG!
CRASH!
THUMP!
WAAH! YOU ROTTER, TICH! LET ME OUT!
NOT LIKELY, QUACKERS! IN THE STATE YOU'RE IN YOU COULD ONLY STAR IN A HORROR FILM! HO! HO!
NAILS

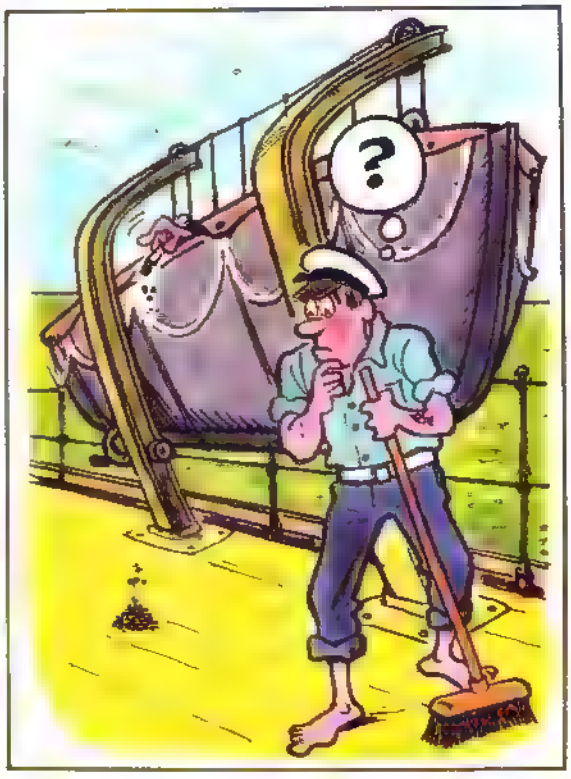
© Ray A an Enterprises 1972 based on the BBC tv ser es Tich and Quackers

LAUGHS AHOY!

PORT.... STARBOARD.... PORT.... STARBOARD...

THE BIG FLAGS? OH, THEY'RE FOR CAPITAL LETTERS..!

I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO SWIM OUT AND LOOK AROUND FOR HELP!


?

IT'S JONES, SIR! SAYS HE WAS PAINTING THE SIDE WHEN WE LEFT HARBOUR AN HOUR AGO!

TEXAS TED
HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE...
OH, DEAR; THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO SHUT UP THAT BIG MOUTH!
?!!
NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS
FRANK McDIARMID
SNIGGER!
HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE SNIGGERIN', COUSIN? YOU LAUGHIN' AT MA SING N' OR SUMPIN?
ER...NOT ME EDWARD! GULP! NOT ME!
COME ON, COUSIN YOU WERE LAUGHING AT SUMPIN SPIT IT OUT!
GULP! VERY WELL, EDWARD! I SHALL TELL YOU... AS YOU INSIST! GULP!
ACTUALLY I WAS THINKING UP WAYS OF KEEPING THAT BIG MOUTH OF YOURS SHUT!
WH-WHAT?? AH DON'T HAVE A BIG MOUTH!!!
HUFFED! PEEVED! NOT SPEAKING!
HO-HO! IT WAS A LOT EASIER THAN I EXPECTED! EDWARD HASN'T OPENED HIS MOUTH FOR HOURS!

beep beep THE Road Runner

CHOMP TH.S S HARD WORK' PHEW' BUT IT WILL BE WORTH IT' CHOMP CHEW'

CHEWING GUM

GASP' FIN SHED AT LAST' GASP' I THOUGHT I'D NEVER MAKE IT'

HEH-HEH' WHEN THAT ROAD RUNNER RUNS ON TO THAT LOT OF CHEWED GUM HE'LL BE WELL AND TRULY STUCK' YUK!

GUESS WHAT I FOUND ON THE RUBB SH DUMP' A GENUINE ANTIQUE VILLAGE PUMP'

YEEAAGH WHAT S THIS? I THINK M STUCK' I FEAR 'VE F NALLY *RUN* OUT OF LUCK'

ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D COME TO A ST CKY END ROAD RUNNER' HEH-HEH

YAHOOO' D NNER S SERVED' I THINK LL HAVE 'COLD

GULP' IF I DON T TH NK OF SOMETH NG FAST' I SOON W LL BE A TH NG OF THE PAST'

'M SURE YOU WILL NOT M ND, OLD CHUM, F DO BORROW A LUMP OF YOUR GUM'

YEEIKES' WHAT'S THAT FOOL ROAD RUNNER UP TO THIS TIME?

ONE CANNOT BEAT A VILLAGE PUMP TO FOIL THE WILES OF A COYOTE CHUMP'

YAAAAGH'

A LITTLE SNIP' THEN ONE AIR TRIP'

SNIP!

?

AND THAT GETS R D OF POOR WILE E. NOW I'VE PLENTY TIME TO UNSTICK ME' HO-HO

YAAGH' I'LL HAVE YOU FOR TH S ROAD RUNNER' I'LL... I'LL WAAAH IT SN T FAIR'

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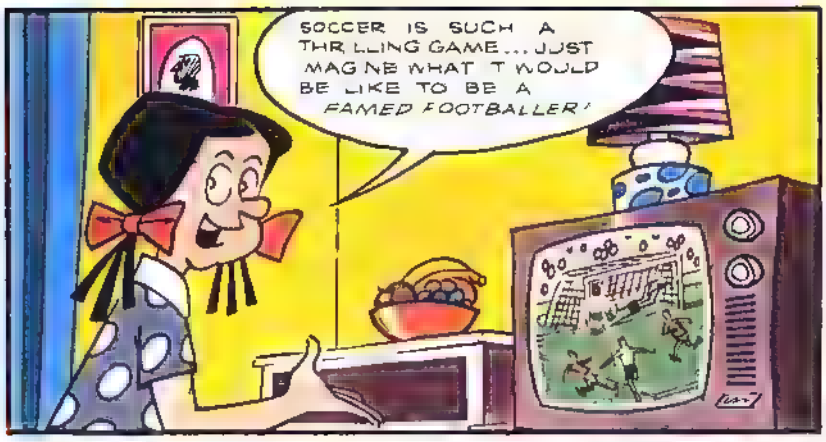
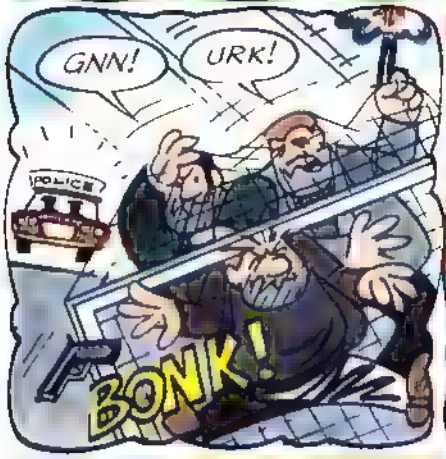
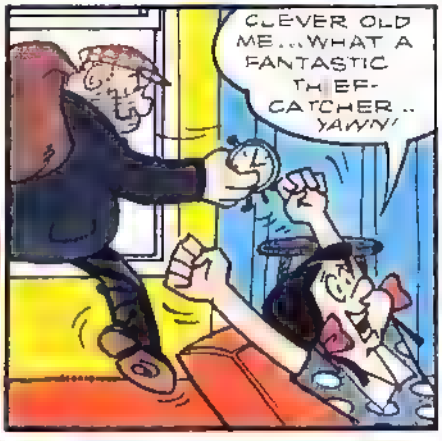
MIGHTY MOTH
THERE MUST BE A WAY OF GETTING RID OF THAT MOTH!
THAT DISPLAY SHOULD BE WORTH WATCHING!
GRAND FETE
ADMISSION 5p
SPECIAL ATTRACTION!
DISPLAY OF RED INDIAN SKILLS BY BIG CHIEF RAIN CLOUD.
(WEATHER PERMITTING)
LATER...
AND FINALLY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE BIG CHIEF WILL HIT THIS PING PONG BALL AT A RANGE OF TWENTY YARDS!
I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LOOK!
TWANG!
THONK!
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I'M THINKING?
I CAN— AND I'M OFF!
HEY, CHIEF! HIT THAT MOTH UP THERE AND I PAY YOU PLENTY MONEY!
UGH! EASY!
EASY
TWANG!

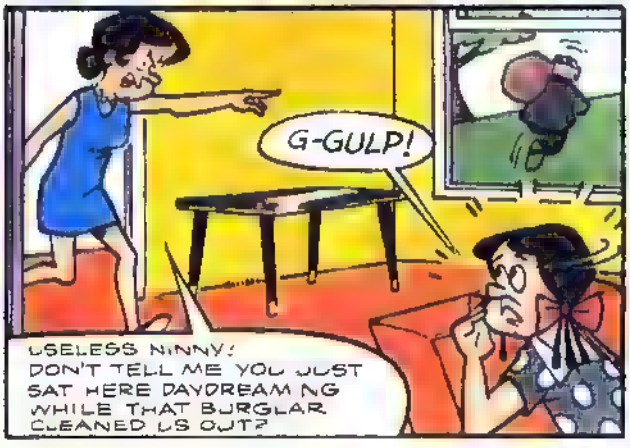
BUT MIGHTY MOTH DODGES, AND...
THIS ARROW CAN GO BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM!
YEOW!
STAB!
TEE-HEE! BIG CHIEF RAIN CLOUD WILL BE REALLY MAD AT MIGHTY MOTH NOW!
BUT...
LITTLE BRAVE VERY BRAVE! ME MAKE YOU MEMBER OF UM TRIBE!
COR! THANKS, CHIEF!
AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, COULD YOU MAKE ME SOMETHING ELSE? (WHISPER!)
?
SURE THING, COME INTO WIGWAM!
I WISH I KNEW WHAT HE WAS UP TO IN THERE!
CHIP CHIP CHOP CHOP!
DONKEY RIDE
DAD SOON FINDS OUT...
THANKS FOR THE MOTH-SIZE BOW AND ARROW, CHIEFY.
TWANG!
YOW! OUCH!
STOPPIT!

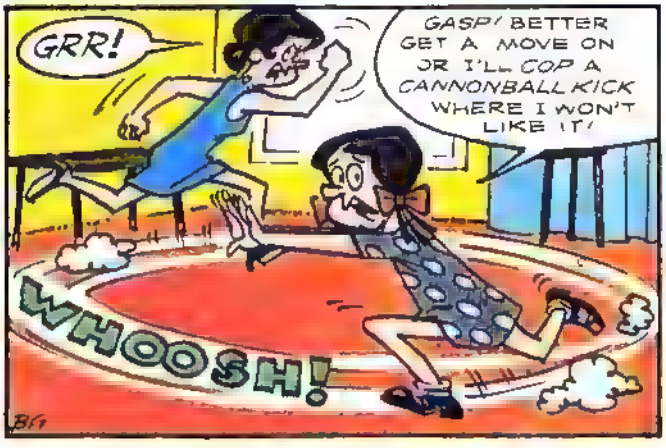
NELLY and her TELLY



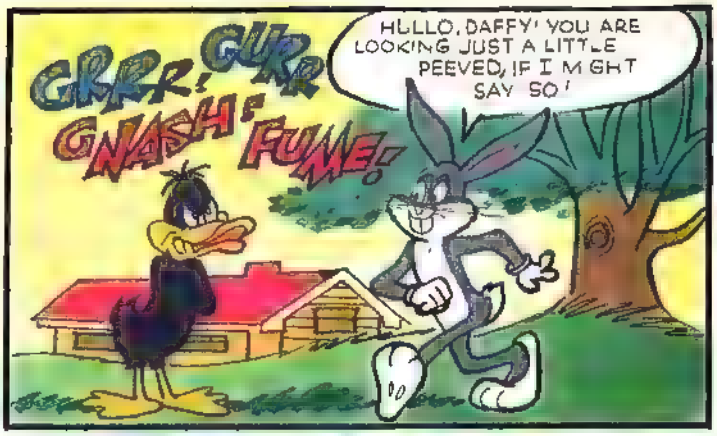






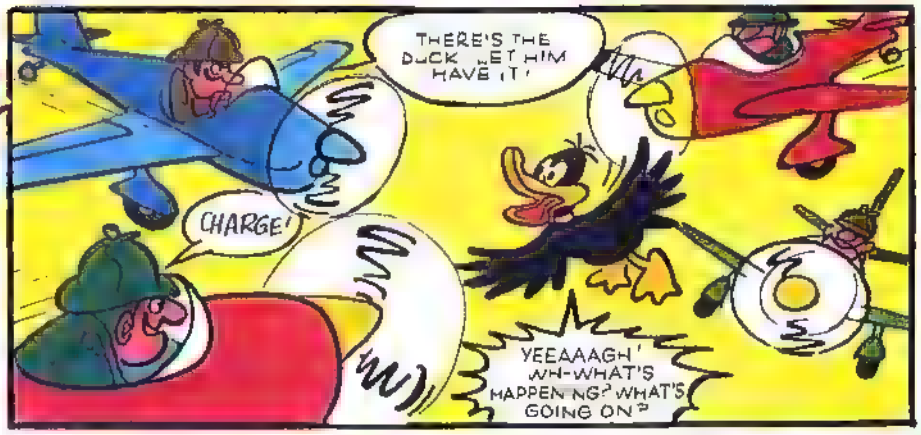


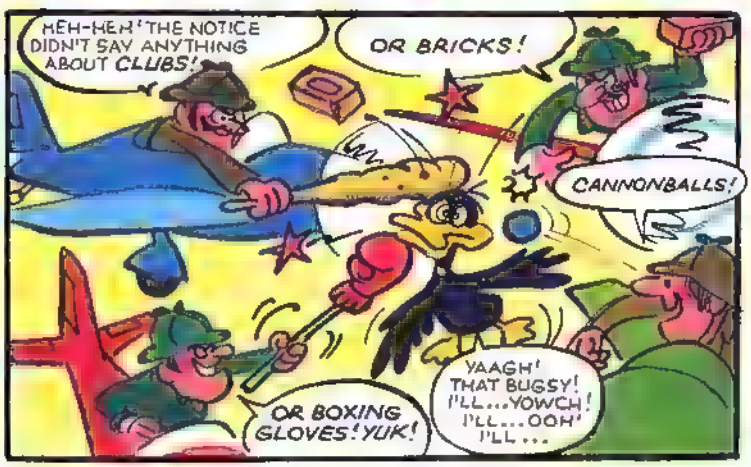
The Bugs Bunny Show

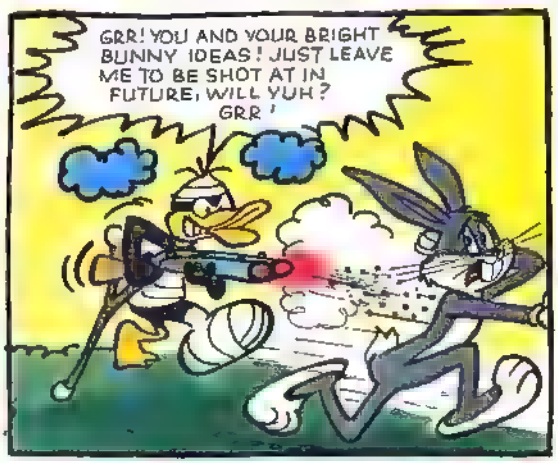


AND LITTLE WONDER, BUGSY! THESE DAYS A DUCK CAN'T HAVE A PLEASANT FLIP THROUGH THE SKIES WITHOUT BEING SHOT AT BY HUNTERS!
HMM! THERE SHOULD BE A SIMPLE SOLUTION TO THAT, DAFFY

AND THIS IS IT, OLD FRIEND! NO ONE WILL SHOOT AT YOU NOW!
BANG BASH THUMP
NO SHOOTING OFFENDERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
GAWSH! THANKS, BUGSY YOU'RE A REAL PAL!




HEH-HEH! THE NOTICE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT CLUBS!
OR BRICKS!
CANNONBALLS!
OR BOXING GLOVES! YUK!
YAAGH! THAT BUGSY! I'LL...YOWCH! I'LL...OOH! I'LL...



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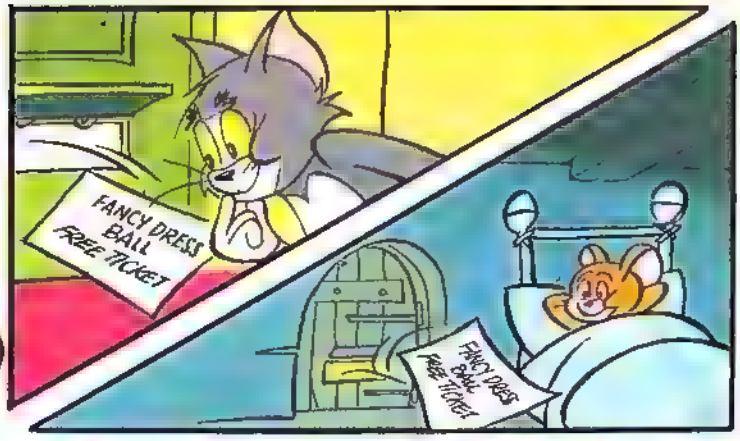
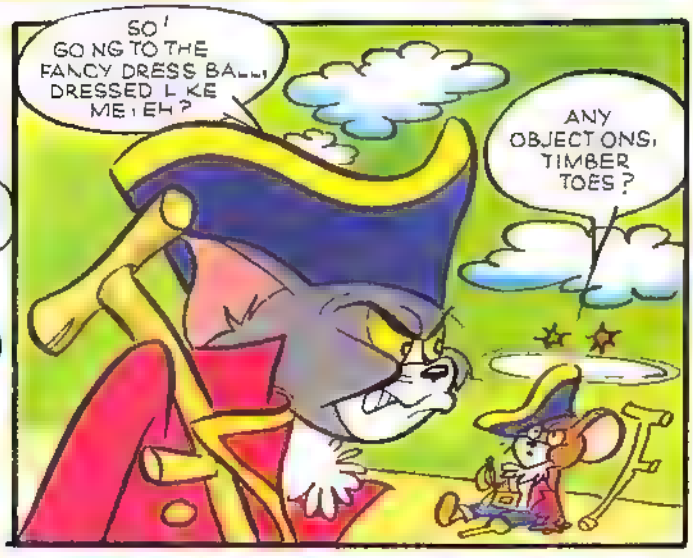
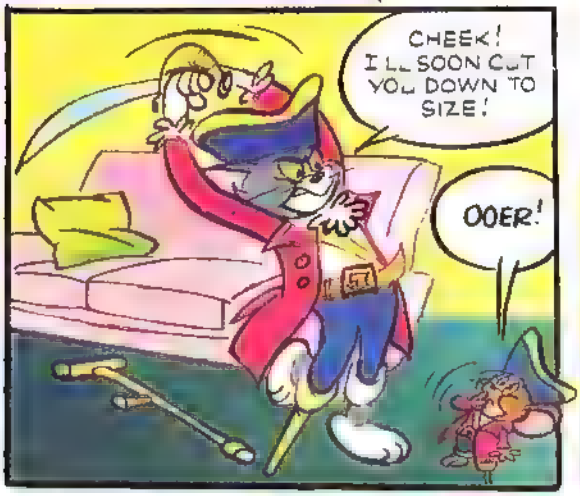
Tom and Jerry







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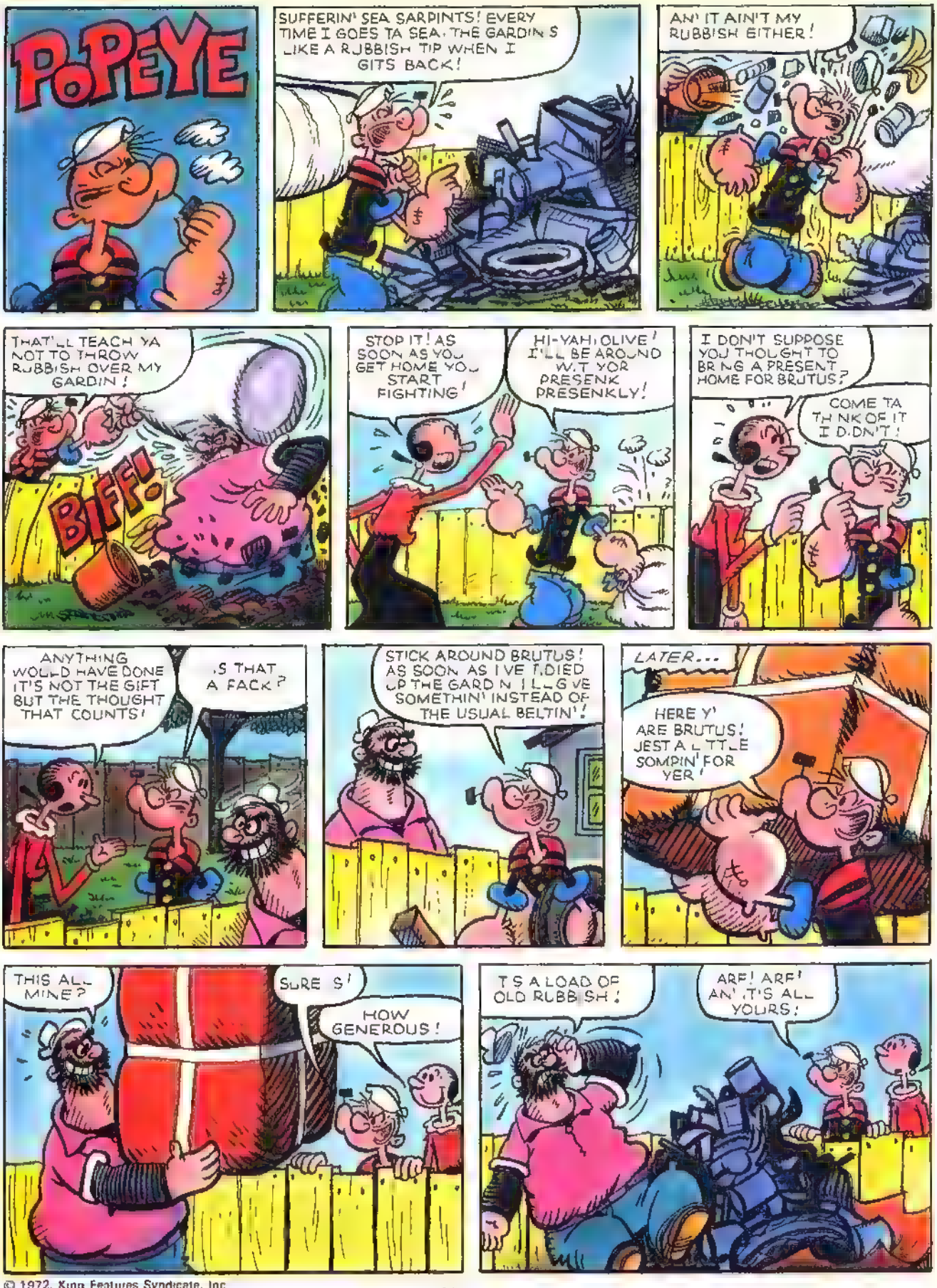
THUMP!
HEH! HEH! I RECKON OLD TOM'S STUMPED FOR WORDS!
MINUTES LATER...
CHOP!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO CATCH ME ON THE HOP! I'LL GET MY OWN BACK SHARPISH!
S'FUNNY! WHERE DEGO?
BAH! I COULD HAVE DONE WITH SOME FRESHLY SLICED MOUSE. I'M STARVED!
OH BOY. PARROT PIE. MY LUCK'S IN...!
HEY! DAT'S MY STUFFED PARROT HE'S GRABB'N'!
BIFF! BOK! BIFF!
I CAN'T GO TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL LOOKING LIKE THIS!
OH, YES YOU CAN! YOU CAN GO AS DA PARROT!
FUME!
TITTER! TITTER!
Bill Hanna


POPEYE
SUFFERIN' SEA SARPINTS! EVERY TIME I GOES TA SEA, THE GARDIN S LIKE A RUBBISH TIP WHEN I GITS BACK!
AN' IT AIN'T MY RUBBISH EITHER!
THAT'LL TEACH YA NOT TO THROW RUBBISH OVER MY GARDIN!
BIFF!
STOP IT! AS SOON AS YOU GET HOME YOU START FIGHTING!
HI-YAH, OLIVE! I'LL BE AROUND W.T YOR PRESENK PRESENKLY!
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT TO BRING A PRESENT HOME FOR BRUTUS?
COME TA THINK OF IT I DIDN'T!
ANYTHING WOULD HAVE DONE IT'S NOT THE GIFT BUT THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS!
'S THAT A FACK?
STICK AROUND BRUTUS! AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED UP THE GARDEN I'LL GIVE SOMETHIN' INSTEAD OF THE USUAL BELTIN'!
LATER...
HERE Y' ARE BRUTUS! JEST A LITTLE SOMPIN' FOR YER!
THIS ALL MINE?
SURE S'
HOW GENEROUS!
IT'S A LOAD OF OLD RUBBISH!
ARF! ARF! AN' IT'S ALL YOURS!

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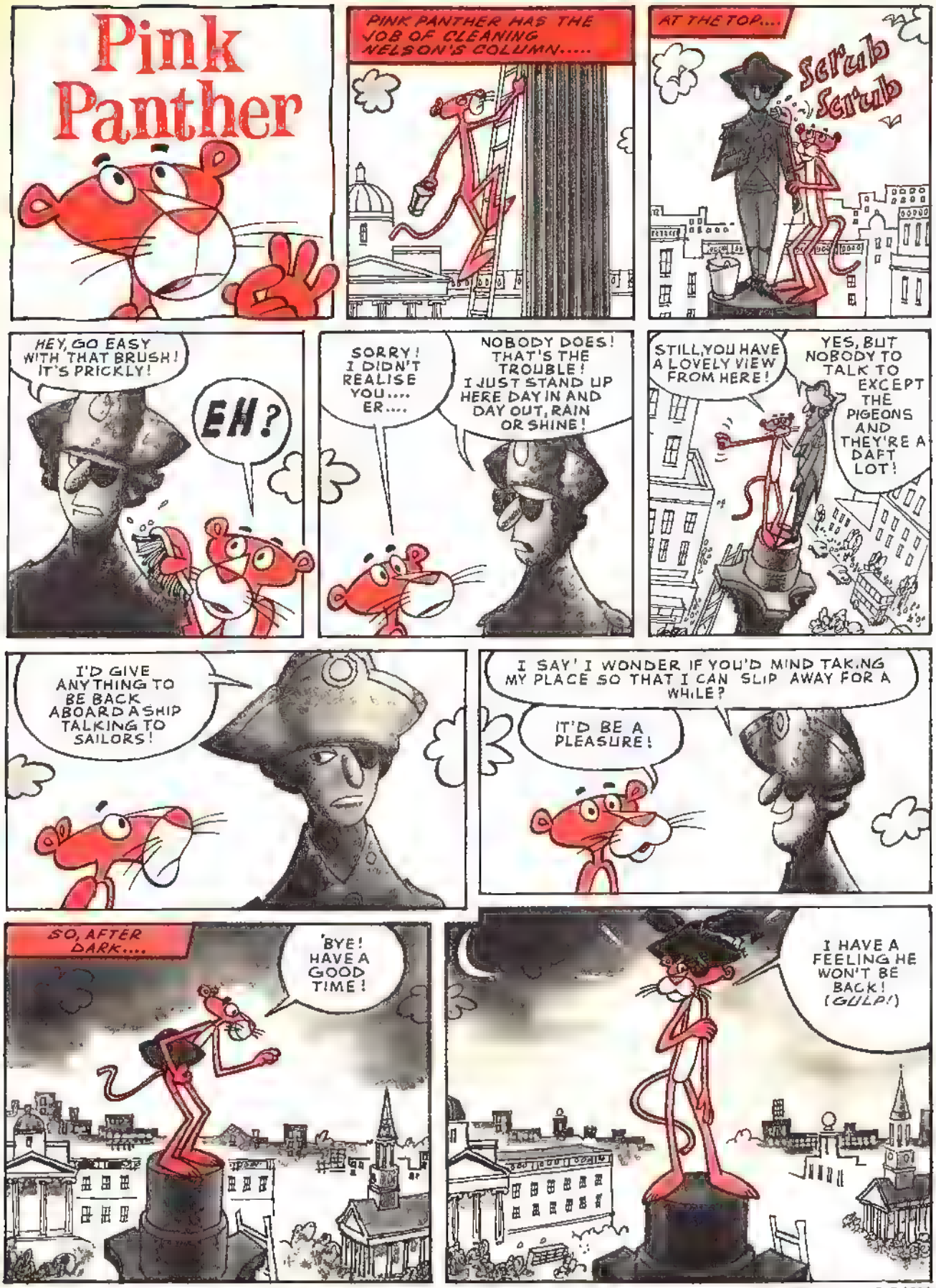
Pink Panther
PINK PANTHER HAS THE JOB OF CLEANING NELSON'S COLUMN.....
AT THE TOP....
Scrub Scrub
HEY, GO EASY WITH THAT BRUSH! IT'S PRICKLY!
EH?
SORRY! I DIDN'T REALISE YOU.... ER....
NOBODY DOES! THAT'S THE TROUBLE! I JUST STAND UP HERE DAY IN AND DAY OUT, RAIN OR SHINE!
STILL, YOU HAVE A LOVELY VIEW FROM HERE!
YES, BUT NOBODY TO TALK TO EXCEPT THE PIGEONS AND THEY'RE A DAFT LOT!
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE BACK ABOARD A SHIP TALKING TO SAILORS!
I SAY! I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND TAKING MY PLACE SO THAT I CAN SLIP AWAY FOR A WHILE?
IT'D BE A PLEASURE!
SO, AFTER DARK....
'BYE! HAVE A GOOD TIME!
I HAVE A FEELING HE WON'T BE BACK! (GULP!)

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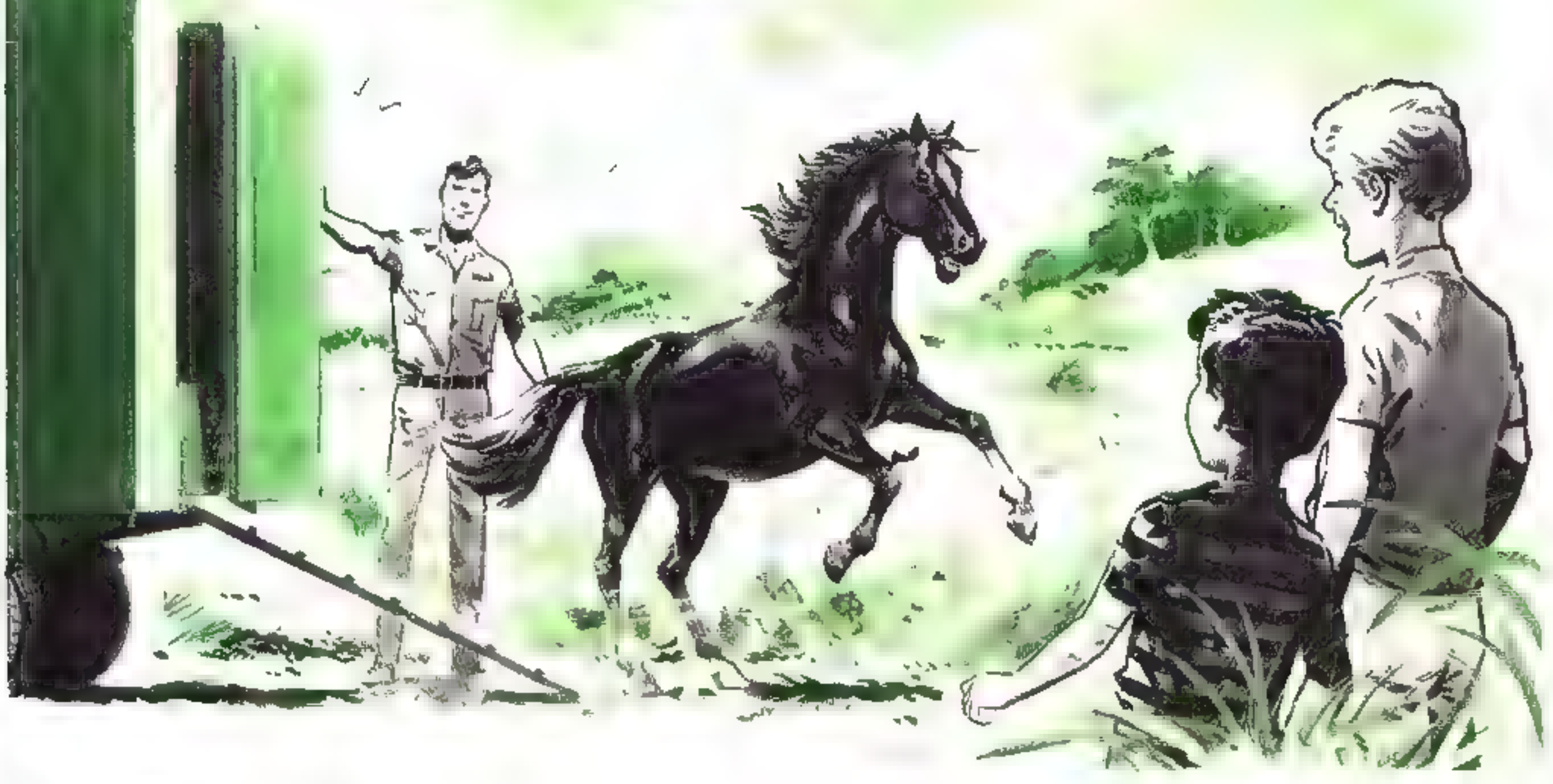
SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo



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Skippy and "The Outcasts"

It was a very special moment for Chief Ranger Matt Hammond and his two sons, Mark and Sonny. A special moment for which they had towed a horse-box behind their Land Rover over to the south-western boundary of the Waratah National Park.

Matt opened the horse-box door and stepped clear. Out pranced a young filly, as untamed and free as the rolling plain land that stretched before her. For a moment she stood pawing the ground nervously, then her keen eyes picked out the herd of brumbies, wild horses, grazing by a water-hole in the distance. Her ears went back, she gave a soft whinny of delight, and the next moment she was racing across the plain to join her own kind again.

Matt smiled. "The renegade has gone home," he said softly.

The boys heard the satisfaction in their father's voice and they understood. Two weeks previously, the filly had been an outcast from the herd, and had caused trouble with her vicious temper as she wandered a lonely path across the park.

Matt and the boys had discovered the cause of her trouble. She had been orphaned at birth, and then later, an infection of the foot had made her lame. Unable to keep up with the herd as it moved, she had been left behind. They had roped her in, and good nursing and affection had cured her foot and her temper.

"Loneliness can be a bad thing," said Matt, "but I reckon we've saved that young filly a load of grief for the future and ourselves trouble. Come on, boys, time we were moving."

"As our good deed has been done for the day, we can go home now, I suppose, Dad?" queried Mark.

"Not just yet. As we're down this way, I'd like to push on to Coober's Bend and say hallo to Mr Slater and his daughter, who are staying at the holiday bungalow there." Matt led the way back to the Land Rover

"Must we," groaned Sonny. "I wanted to get back home for tea. I'm starving, and I know Skippy is, too. Where is she by the way. . . ?"

"It's no use complaining, my lad," said his father. "As far as we are concerned, Mr Slater is a V.I.P.

For one thing, he's a big business tycoon—not that that counts for too much maybe but he is a personal friend of our big chief, Sir Adrian Gillespie, Chairman of the National Parks' Trust."

"Oh," said Mark gloomily, "it's a duty visit, eh, Dad?"

"Something like that, Mark. I had a letter from Sir Adrian yesterday telling me that the Slaters would be spending a vacation at Coober's Bend and asking me to see that they enjoyed . . ."

Matt got no further, for at that moment Sonny's little kangaroo pal, Skippy, came bounding out from a clump of golden wattle at the edge of some woodland. For a few moments she hopped around squeaking furiously in a most agitated manner, then darted back into the bushes again.

"If that pesky little 'roo is up to her tricks again, Sonny, I'll give her something to squeak about," grumbled Matt

"I don't think she is, Dad," replied Sonny. "I reckon she's found trouble in those bushes somewhere. Let's take a look, please. We won't be a minute."

They did not have far to go. Skippy was waiting for them at the foot of a tall eucalyptus tree. At her feet, and looking like a crumpled bundle of fur, lay a fully grown koala bear

Matt knelt down and began a careful examination of the animal

"Is—is she dead?" asked Sonny in an anxious voice

"No, but I think this explains what's happened to her." Matt held up a tiny dart which he had plucked from the koala's shoulder. "Somebody hit this little lady with a tranquillising dart."

Matt's face was grim as he gathered the bear in his arms and started back towards the Land Rover. "Looks like we've got an animal poacher in this area to deal with."

"But why didn't the poacher take her after he'd knocked her out?" Mark wanted to know.

"I think I know the answer to that," said Matt. "I happen to recognise this particular bear by these unusual tufts of white hair she has on the ends of her ears. I noticed her when I passed this way the other day—only then she had her little one with her."

"Gosh," exclaimed Sonny. "You mean, somebody deliberately shot her down just to take her baby—that's horrible!"

"It certainly is," said Mark grimly, "and it points to the fact that we need to look for an amateur Any professional would know that both the mother and the baby are likely to pine away and die if they're separated."

Carefully, he placed the unconscious animal in a box in the back of the Land Rover, and then led the boys back to the woods again

"Spread out and search around for tracks," he ordered. "Look for anything that might identify the poacher."

It was Sonny who found the tracks a few minutes later. Hoof marks and human footprints showed clearly where a horse rider had dismounted some twenty yards from where they had found the bear

"These prints were made by a young woman or a girl, I reckon," said Matt thoughtfully. "Of course, it doesn't mean she was responsible, but we'll follow up these tracks and see what we find."

Moments later, they were all aboard the Land Rover and following the trail of hoofprints that led south along a track that ran beside the Flinders River.

Half a mile on they came to the great curve in the river called Coober's Bend, and then moments later the woodland opened out into a wide clearing

In the centre of the clearing stood a large white-walled bungalow with stables and a cluster of outbuildings at the back of it. But what caught the attention of Matt and his sons was the presence of a girl grooming a handsome stallion

She was about fourteen years old, dressed in a check shirt and old jeans. Matt eyed her thoughtfully as he climbed from the Land Rover.

"Well," he said grimly, "it seems we've reached the end of the trail, and I've got a nasty hunch we're going to have even more trouble than we'd bargained for."

The girl glanced up as they approached and then turned back to her work. She did not look up again even when they stood close by her.

"I'd like a few words with Mr Slater, if you don't mind," said Matt in a quiet voice.

"Then you're in for a long wait. He's gone into town on business, as usual, and he won't be back till late tonight." There had been no mistaking the insolence and something like anger in the girl's voice.

Matt's eyes wandered to where a rifle stood propped up close by the stable door. He moved across and picked it up

"This is a tranquillizing gun," he said softly. "Would it happen to belong to you, Miss—er . . . it is Miss Slater, isn't it?"

The girl stopped work and faced him. "Yes," she said. "That is my gun and I am Jill Slater So what?"

"Well, it so happens that I'm the Chief Ranger of Waratah, and I have reason to believe you have just poached a young koala from the Park. I want it back *now*!"

The girl gave a laugh, and there was an unpleasant sound to it. "You can believe what you like, Mister Chief Ranger," she said. "And you can clear off, too!"

The boys gasped. Nobody spoke to their father like that and got away with it, but Matt's voice remained level.

"Look, young lady," he said, "stealing animals from a game reserve is a serious offence. I can have you prosecuted."

But his words had no effect. "Then you'd be very foolish," she snapped back. "You haven't one scrap of real evidence against me. I ride in your park and I own a gun, so what does that prove?"

"And what's more," she added as she turned away, "my Dad could buy the whole of your stupid park and you with it if he wanted to—so get lost!" With that she led her horse into the stable.

"If she were my daughter . . . !" Matt muttered to himself. Then he called out, "I'll be back tomorrow, Miss Slater. Let your father know I'll be calling, please."

With that, he turned and stalked back to the Land Rover. Mark, Sonny and Skippy followed at a respectful distance.

"Couldn't we have searched for the bear cub?" Sonny wanted to know as they drove away. "I bet she has it in the stable or one of those outbuildings."

"We were on private property, Sonny," replied Matt heavily. "We had no right to search and well she knew it. Obviously, she's a very spoilt young girl who's used to getting her own way. I'm afraid that if Mr Slater is anything like his daughter, we could find ourselves batting on a sticky wicket."

They drove the rest of the way home in a gloomy silence. When they got there, they found that the

mother koala had recovered from the tranquillizing drug, but when they put her in a cage she just sat quietly in a corner and moped.

Sonny picked a bunch of fresh eucalyptus leaves and tried to tempt her with them. Skippy nuzzled her gently, but all was in vain

"It's no use, she's pining for her baby," said Sonny miserably. "I hope Mr Slater makes that horrid daughter of his return it tomorrow, but I know Dad is worried. He reckons Mr Slater is so busy running his big business that he's had no time for his own daughter, and so he's not likely to be too worried about the troubles of a koala bear."

For some time after they had had supper, Sonny and Skippy sat on the verandah steps of their bungalow and pondered gloomily on the problem. Then, suddenly, Sonny brightened.

"Jeepers, I've been stupid, Skippy," he exclaimed. "The answer is so simple I'd overlooked it! Dad can't go searching around the bungalow at Coober's Bend because he's a grown-up and they've got rules about it. But there's nothing to stop *us* having a look!"

Skippy gave a little squeak and looked intelligently at her friend.

"I'm sure Jill has that baby bear hidden in the stable or one of the outbuildings," Sonny went on "We'll get up very early tomorrow morning and get that little fellow back before anyone knows we've been and gone."

Skippy, who always seemed to understand every word Sonny said, squeaked and performed a little hopping and skipping dance of delight. Then they went to bed feeling much happier.

The following morning, as the early morning light came filtering through the tall blue gum trees, Sonny and Skippy were well on their way to Coober's Bend.

Soon they reached the edge of the woods where they had released the filly the previous day, and then they received a shock—there was Jill Slater's horse, tethered to a tree stump.

Moments later, they saw Jill. She was standing at the foot of the big eucalyptus tree, the baby koala cradled in her arms.

"Oh dear," they heard her say. "I don't know

where your mother is now, little fellow, but I promise I'll find her for you somehow. . . ."

"You won't have to worry," said Sonny as he stepped out from the bushes. "We're looking after the mother at our place, so I'll take the baby now!"

Startled, Jill had spun round to face Sonny and Skippy, and her face went crimson

"I was only trying to return it safely myself," she said hotly. "But here you are, take him!"

Thankfully, Sonny took the little bear that Jill held out to him, but as he glanced at her he saw the very last thing that he would have expected—her eyes were filled with tears.

"Jill," he said, suddenly anxious, "what's the matter? Are you all right?"

But Jill turned away abruptly. "You've got your precious cub back, now go away," she said in an angry voice. Then she sat down with her back to the eucalyptus tree.

Sonny would have walked off, but there was something about the girl that made her look so lonely and forlorn that he paused.

"You know," he said quietly, "as you're a city girl, you shouldn't really come out into the bush by yourself. It can be dangerous."

"I can look after myself, thank you," Jill retorted and sniffed into a small hanky she had pulled from her pocket. "Just leave me alone!"

Sonny gave a sigh and turned away. "She's impossible," he said to Skippy. "Anyway, there's nothing we can do for her."

At that moment, something large and hairy dropped from a branch of the tree and landed with a plop only inches from Jill's foot. The scream she let out sent a cloud of cockatoos and galah birds up from the treetops protesting raucously.

Sonny and Skippy were back beside her again in a flash. Then Sonny laughed.

"That's only a Huntsman spider," he chuckled. "I know it's very big and ugly, but it's quite harmless. Now if it had been a Red-back, you would have had cause to yell . . ."

He broke off and looked at the girl anxiously. "Jill," he said, "don't cry."

"I'm sorry," she whispered as she tried vainly to stem the flow of tears. "I've been hateful. I took that baby bear from its mother. I was beastly to your father, and—and now I'm making a fool of myself."

"Yes, you are doing that," agreed Sonny. "But why ever did you start all this, Jill? Why did you take the koala?"

Jill's answer came so quietly that Sonny and Skippy could hardly catch her words.

"My mother died last year," she said, "and Dad's always working, even when we're on holiday. I've

got everything I want, but I felt so lonely. I—I wanted something to love . . . !"

Sonny thought for a moment, then he handed the baby koala back to Jill. "You carry him," he said. "We'll take him back and give him to his mum."

Matt Hammond was worried as he came down to breakfast. He had a grim foreboding that his forthcoming interview with Mr Slater would not be an easy one. "If Slater complains to Sir Adrian," he thought, "well . . ." The jangle of the telephone bell interrupted his gloomy meditations.

He answered the phone and an anxious voice said, "This is Ralph Slater, Mr Hammond. Sorry to bother you, but I'm rather worried as I can't find my daughter anywhere. I wondered if you had seen her by any chance."

"I'm sorry," said Matt. "I—" and then he broke off abruptly. Looking out of the window, he could see Sonny, Skippy and Jill Slater sitting on the verandah. They were laughing and the girl was feeding eucalyptus leaves to a koala bear which had a young one clinging to its back

Matt smiled and spoke into the telephone again.

"Yes, Mr Slater," he said. "Your daughter is safe and sound here with us."

"Thank goodness," came a heartfelt reply. "To tell you the truth, I've been guilty of neglecting her recently. Business has kept me tied up, but . . . well, I'm going to try and put that right from now on. I'll come over and pick her up if you don't mind."

"I'll look forward to seeing you," said Matt, and he put down the phone.

Sonny looked up and spotted his father standing in the doorway smiling at them. Unnoticed by the others, he slipped over to Matt and explained what had happened. "She was lonely, Dad," he said as he finished his story. "You know, like that filly was that we turned loose yesterday. But I think she'll be all right now."

"I'm sure she will, Sonny," said Matt. "And you are growing up, my son," he added to himself. "You're beginning to understand what makes animals tick, including human ones. And that's not a bad thing . . . not a bad thing at all!"

TV Terrors

FRED

CHARLIE

GOODNIGHT, BOOTS! SLEEP TIGHT!

ONE HOUR LATER..

CLUMP!

Clomp!

CLUMP!

HELP! WH-WHAT S THAT NOISE:

YAAGH! IT'S FRED AND CHARLIE! THEY'VE GONE!

FRED

CHARLIE

WELL, AT LEAST THE TERRORS DON'T H'AVE THEM! THEY RE ONLY WALKING IN THEIR SLEEP! STOP, BOOTS! STOP!

CLOMP!

CLOMP!

SSSSH! DON'T YOU KNOW IT S DANGEROUS TO WAKEN SLEEPWALKERS, HOPPIT?

YULP!

YIKES! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM! LOOK WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

MARMADUKE'S MINCE MAISON

NIGHT SHIFT

CLUMP!

CLOMP!

SSSSSH!

CLUMP!

Clomp!

GRIND!

CRUNCH!

AAAGH! I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM! LOOK WHERE...YULP!

SSSSSH!

SSSSSH!

YAAGH! YOJ CAN'T LET FRED AND CHARLIE GO IN THERE! LEMME UP! LEMME UP!

SSSSH! SSSSH, HOPPIT!!

GRIND!

GLUMP!

Chop! MINCE!

CLOMP!

SOB! LOOK AT POOR FRED AND CHARLIE. ALL MINCED UP! BLUBBER!

COULD BE TASTY WITH A LITTLE ONION AND CARROT, HOPPIT!

HAW! HAW!

GRR! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, TERRORS! TAKE THAT!

HOPELESS WITHOUT YOUR BOOTS, HOPPIT!

WHUMP!

DIDN'T FEEL A THING!

CRACK!

YEEEEAAAAGH!

IT WAS ALL A BAD DREAM! FRED AND CHARLIE ARE STILL THERE! OOOH! AAAH! OJCH!

STAB!

THROB!

FRED

CHARLIE

NEXT MORNING...

WELL! WELL! WHAT GOES WITH THE WHUMPING FOOT, HOPPIT?

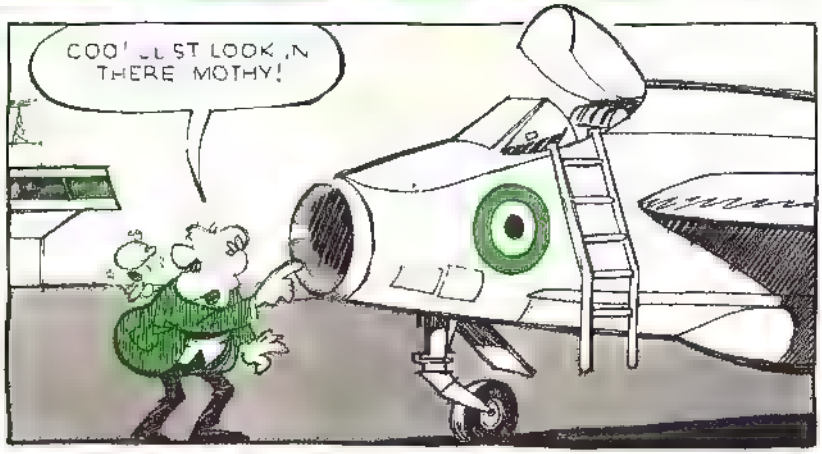
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY MADE MINCE-MEAT OF IT! HA! HA!

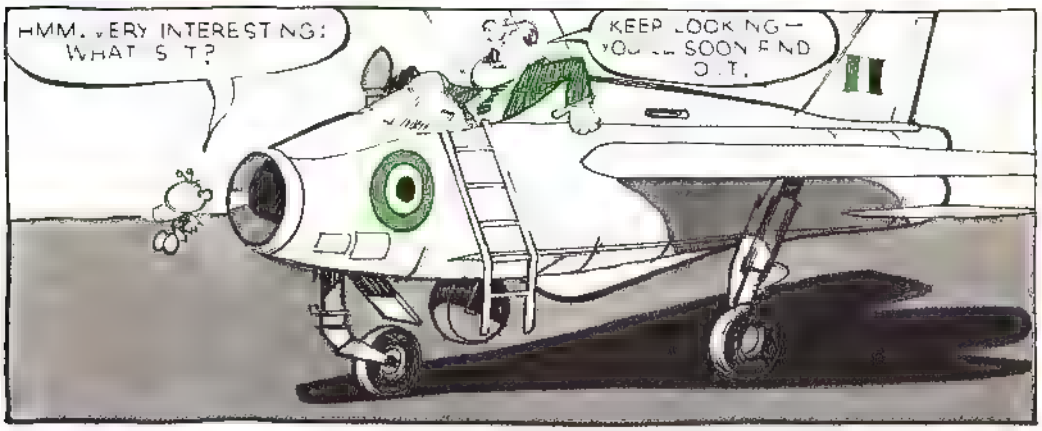
GRRR! I CAN'T WIN! EVEN WHEN I MEET THIS LOT IN MY DREAMS SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME!

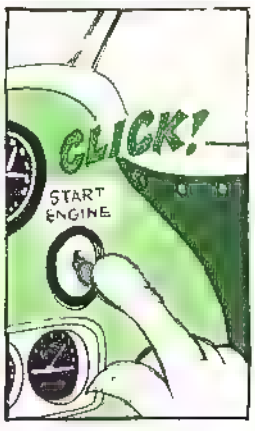
MIGHTY MOTH

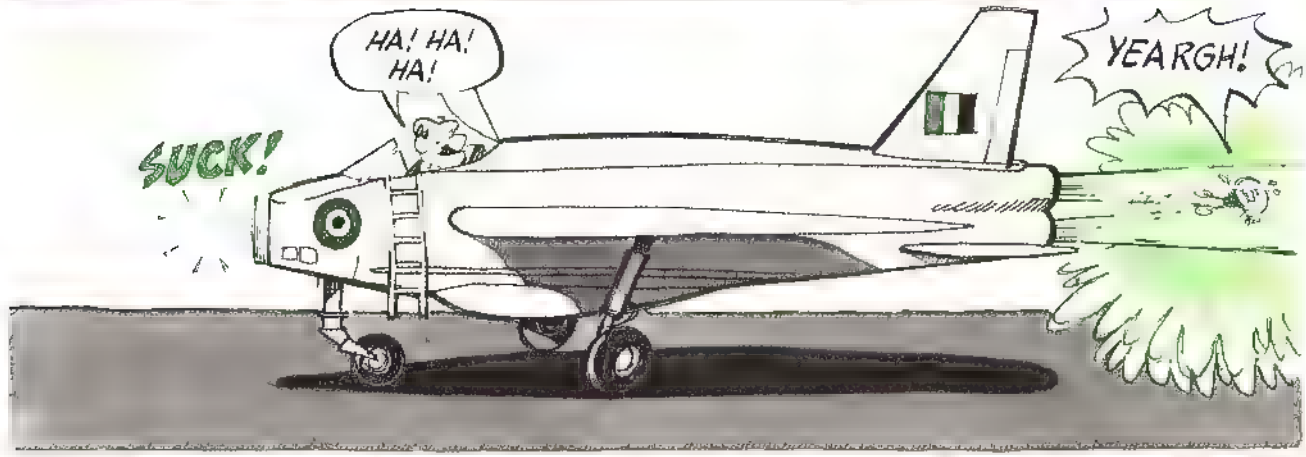
TH S SHOULD BE INTERESTING.
R.A.F. AT HOME

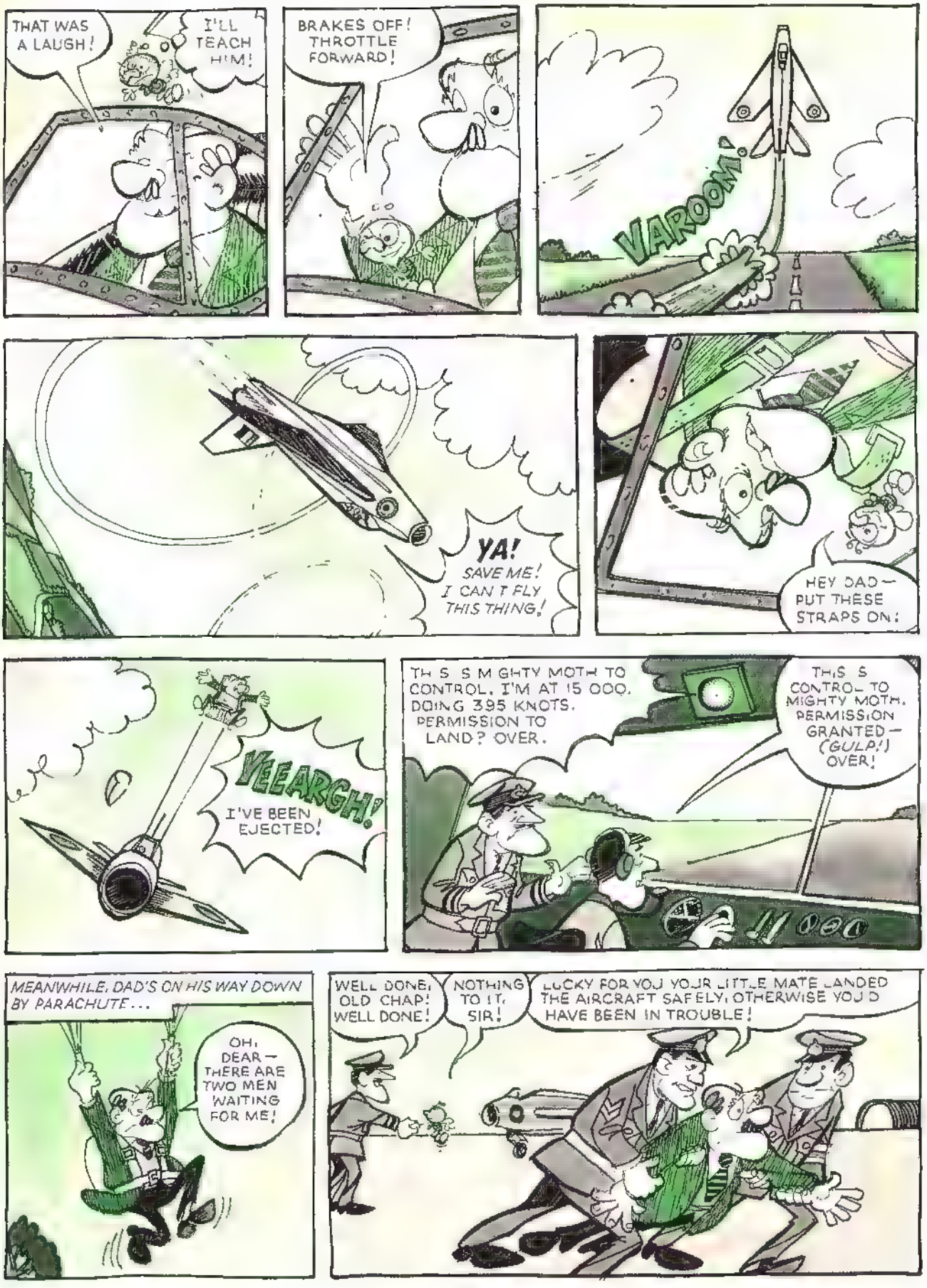
IF ONLY I COULD GET RID OF THAT MOTH.

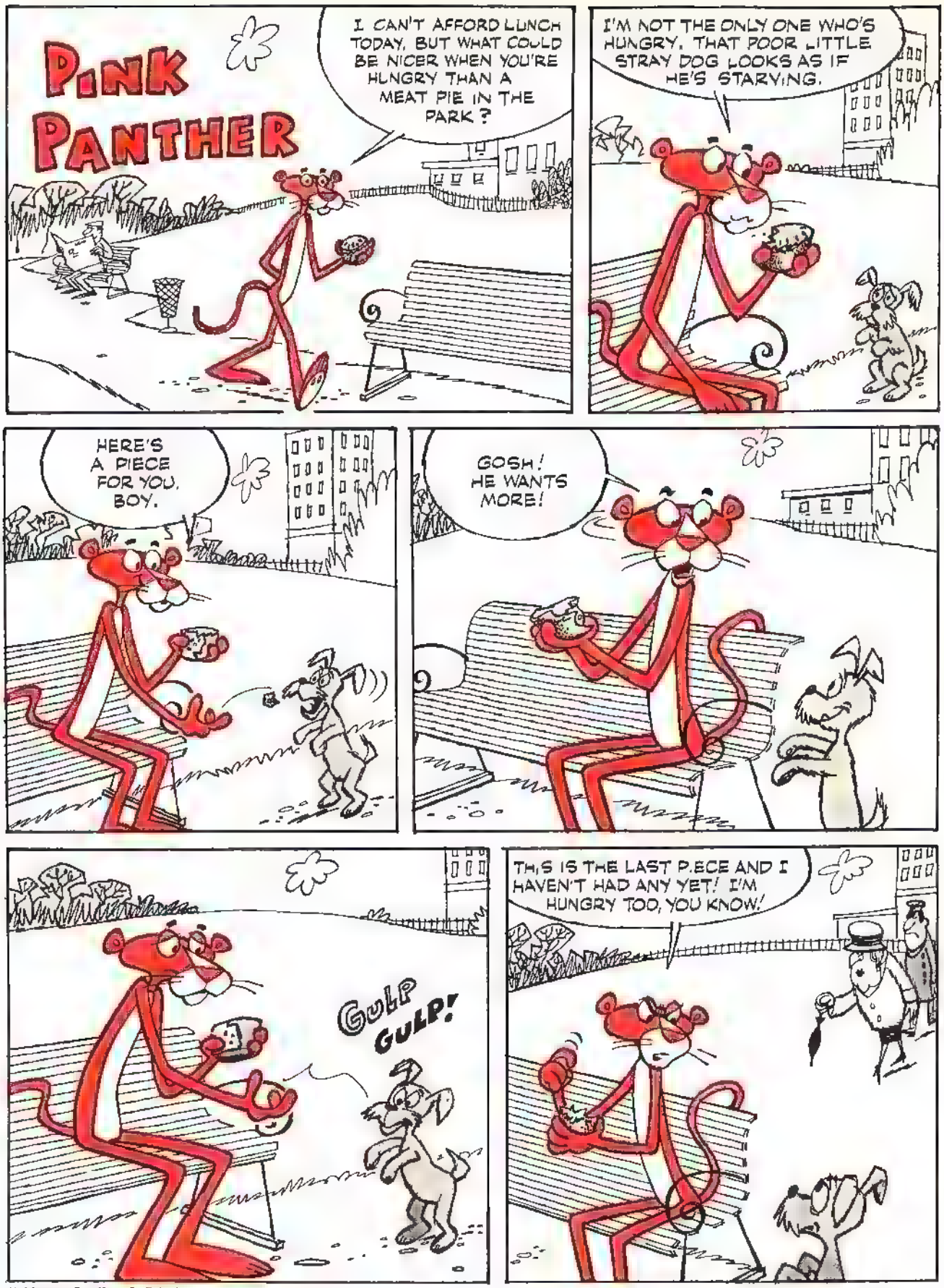

COO! JUST LOOK IN THERE MOTHY!


HMM. VERY INTERESTING: WHAT S T?
KEEP LOOKING— YOU'LL SOON FIND O.T.


CLICK!
START ENGINE


HA! HA! HA!
SUCK!
YEARGH!


THAT WAS A LAUGH!
I'LL TEACH HIM!
BRAKES OFF! THROTTLE FORWARD!
VAROOM!
YA! SAVE ME! I CAN'T FLY THIS THING!
HEY DAD— PUT THESE STRAPS ON!
YEEARGH! I'VE BEEN EJECTED!
TH S S M GHTY MOTH TO CONTROL. I'M AT 15 000. DOING 395 KNOTS. PERMISSION TO LAND? OVER.
THIS S CONTRO- TO MIGHTY MOTH. PERMISSION GRANTED— (GULP!) OVER!
MEANWHILE, DAD'S ON HIS WAY DOWN BY PARACHUTE...
OH, DEAR— THERE ARE TWO MEN WAITING FOR ME!
WELL DONE! OLD CHAP! WELL DONE!
NOTHING TO IT, SIR!
LUCKY FOR YOU YOUR LITTLE MATE LANDED THE AIRCRAFT SAFELY, OTHERWISE YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN TROUBLE!


PINK PANTHER
I CAN'T AFFORD LUNCH TODAY, BUT WHAT COULD BE NICER WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY THAN A MEAT PIE IN THE PARK?
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S HUNGRY. THAT POOR LITTLE STRAY DOG LOOKS AS IF HE'S STARVING.
HERE'S A PIECE FOR YOU, BOY.
GOSH! HE WANTS MORE!
GULP GULP!
THIS IS THE LAST PIECE AND I HAVEN'T HAD ANY YET! I'M HUNGRY TOO, YOU KNOW!

© Mirsch Geoffrey D F 1964

MUNCH MUNCH

YOU HORR BLE CREATURE! EATING WH LE MY POOR LITTLE HENRY BEGS FOR FOOD!

HENRY, DARLING! WHERE HAVE YOU BEENSY WEENSY? MUMMY'S BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOJ!

HE MUST BE RAVENOJS JAMES TAKE US TO THE R.ITZ ALONG THE ROAD.

YES MADAM.

MADAM, I ASSURE YOU...

GO AWAY! SHOO!

SO... THERE, THAT S N.CE ISN'T .T, PET? A N.CE, JU.CY STEAKY WAKEY!

MAYBE THEY LL LET ME HAVE THE SCRAPS HENRY LEAVES OVER!

RUMBLE RUMBLE

Animal Magic

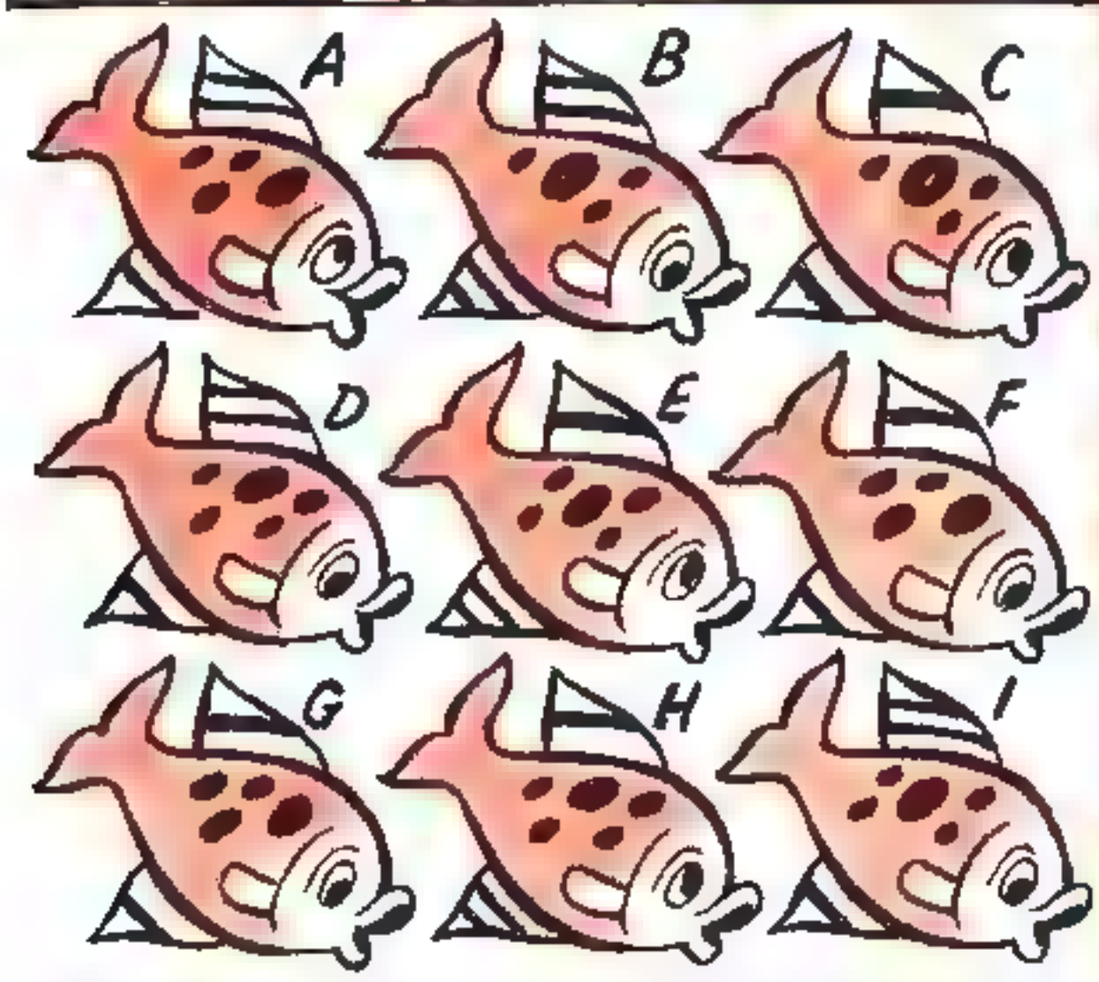
by Johnny Morris

When I have a day off I like to wander down a hedgerow. A hedgerow is like a block of flats, so many different people live there.

WONDER WHAT WE'LL SEE TODAY?
WELL, YOU CAN'T MISS A MISSEL THRUSH!
YOU'VE GOT QUITE A USEFUL WHISTLE, MISSEL!
YES, BUT NOT A LONG SONG!

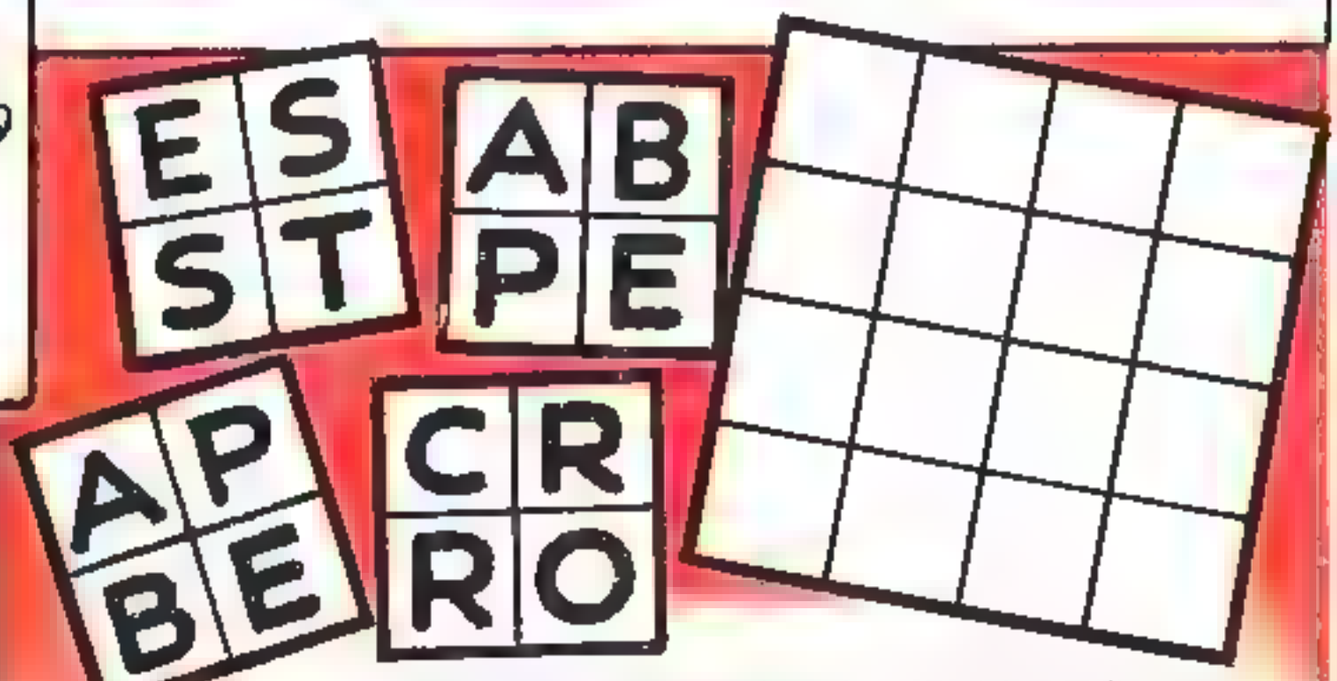
DO THOSE STINGING NETTLES STING YOU, TORTOISE-SHELL?
OH, NO! I DON'T FEEL A THING!
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS LAY YOUR EGGS ON STINGING NETTLES?
PEOPLE KEEP AWAY FROM NETTLES, DON'T THEY?
THERE USED TO BE QUITE A GOOD CAFF DOWN HERE!
I FANCY A BIT OF RABBIT FOR LUNCH
THE CHEF'S GOING ON HOLIDAY FOR A BIT!
I'M AFRAID THE RABBIT'S OFF TODAY!
HALLO, SHOULDN'T YOU BE DOWN AT THE POND TODAY, DRAGONFLY?
OH, NO! THERE ARE SOME RATHER NICE FLIES AROUND HERE!
WHY DO YOU HAVE TWO SETS OF WINGS?
ALL THE BETTER TO CATCH FLIES WITH, MY DEAR!
GROBINSON

PUZZLE PAGE

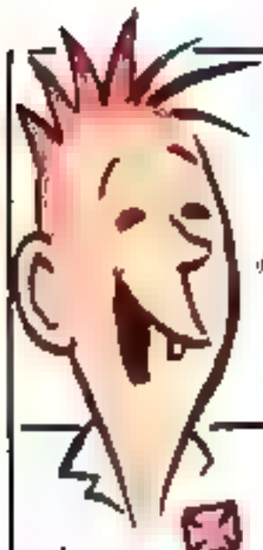


2. LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE NINE FISH AND THEN SAY WHICH TWO OF THEM ARE ALIKE.

1. HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER 'C' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?



4 COPY THESE SMALL SQUARES IN THE RIGHT ORDER TO MAKE A LARGER SQUARE WHICH READS THE SAME BOTH DOWN AND ACROSS.



3.

5. HERE IN PUZZLE FORM ARE THE NAMES OF SEVEN COLOURS. *CAN YOU SEE WHAT THEY ARE?*

6. TIE A LOOSE KNOT IN A PIECE OF ROPE OR STRING. THEN WITH THREE OR FOUR KNOTS MAKE A LOOP LIKE THIS. NOW ASK A FRIEND TO REMOVE THE LOOSE KNOT WITHOUT UNTYING THE ROPE.

ANSWERS

1 CLOCK, CURTAINS, CEILING, CAGE, CABINET, CHIMNERS, CAKE, CUSHION, COUCH CHAIR, COMIC, CANDLES, CRUET, CANDLESTICK, CUP, CARD, CLOTH, *THERE MAY BE MORE*

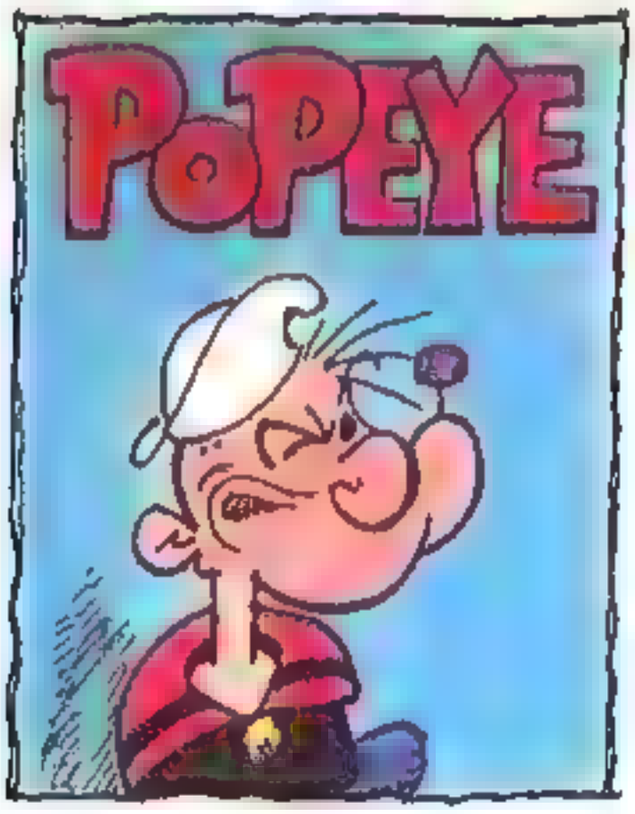
2 F AND G

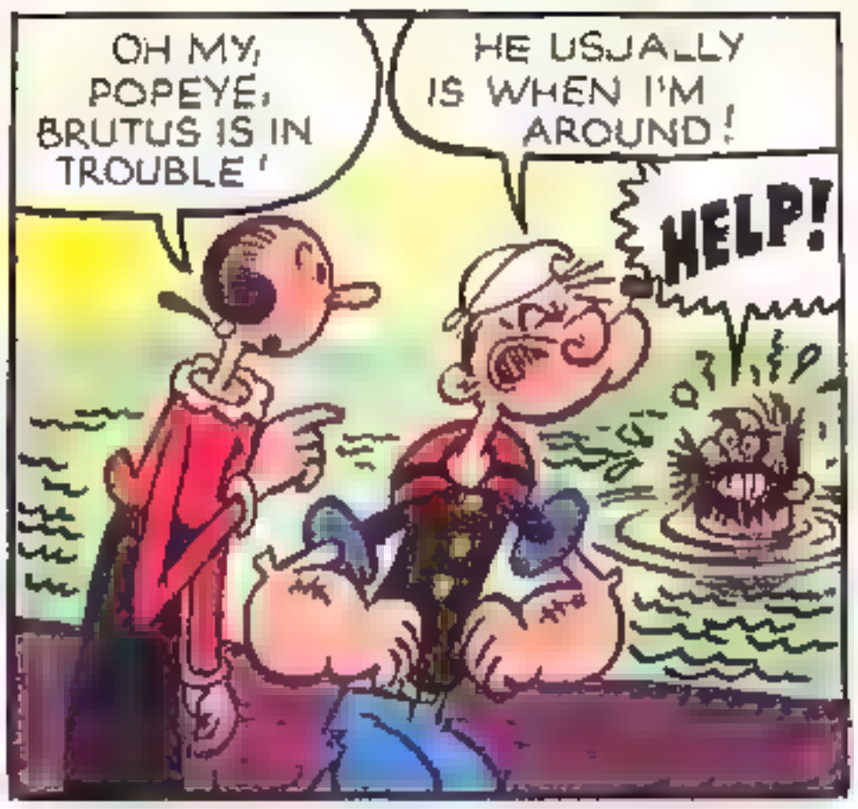
3 A STARFISH

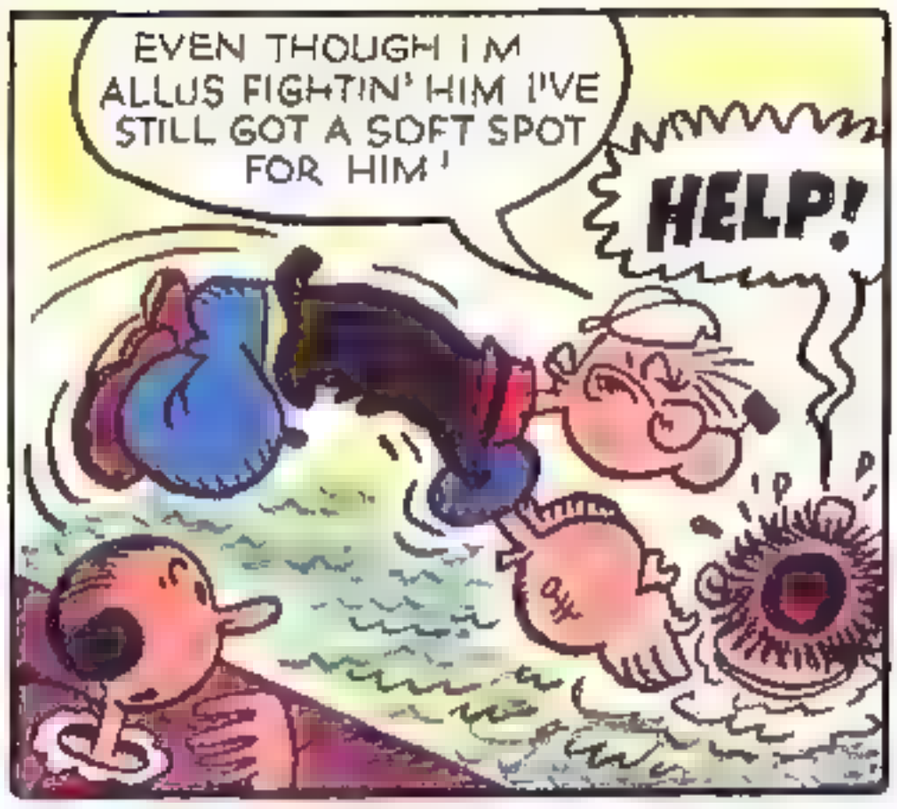
4 CRAB
ROPE
APES
BEST

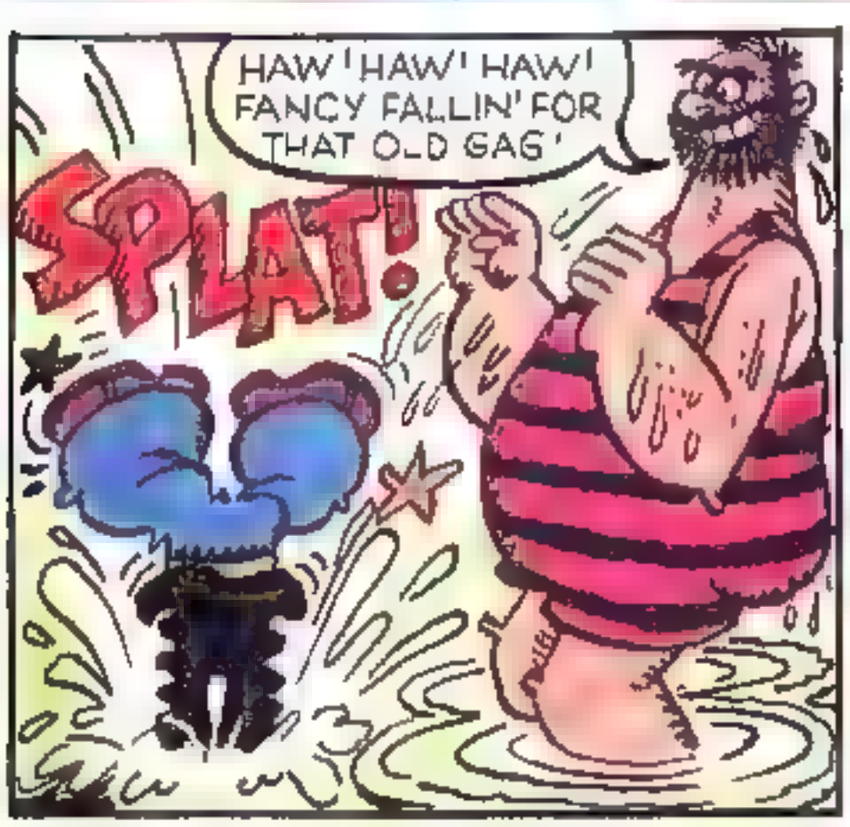
5 BROWN, GREEN, ORANGE, RED, PINK, VIOLET, YELLOW,

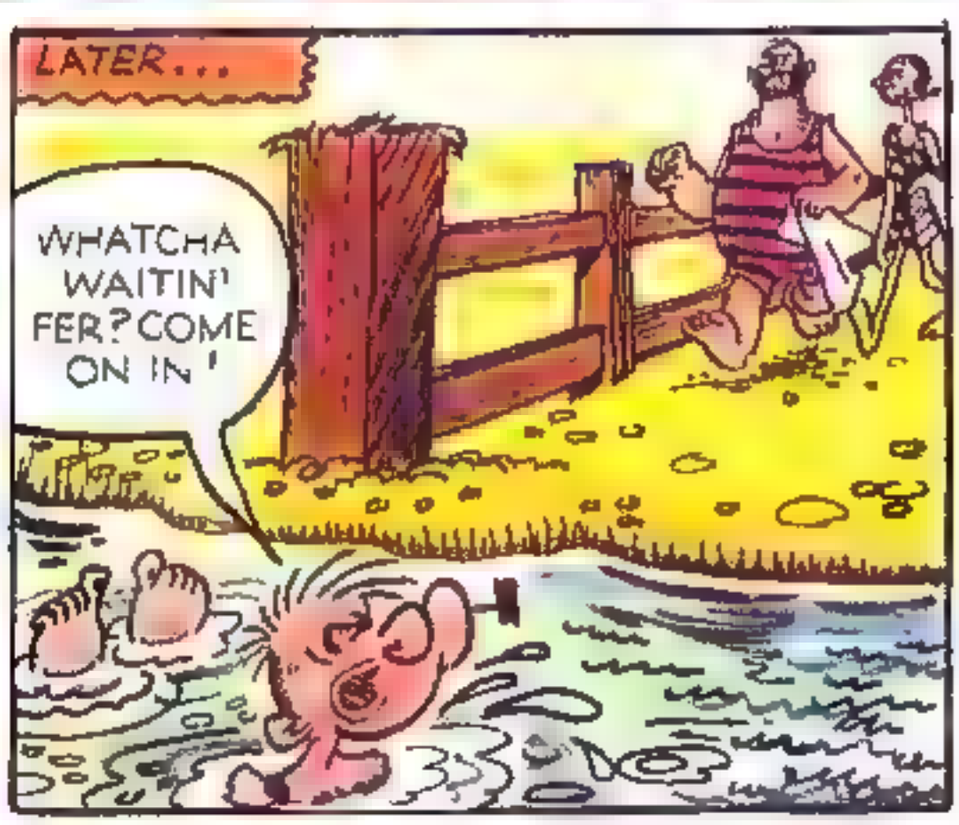
6 BEND BOTH YOUR BACK WORK THE LOOSE KNOT DOWN TO THE KNOTTED END AND PULL IT TIGHT, SO THAT IT IS HIDDEN AMONG THE OTHERS

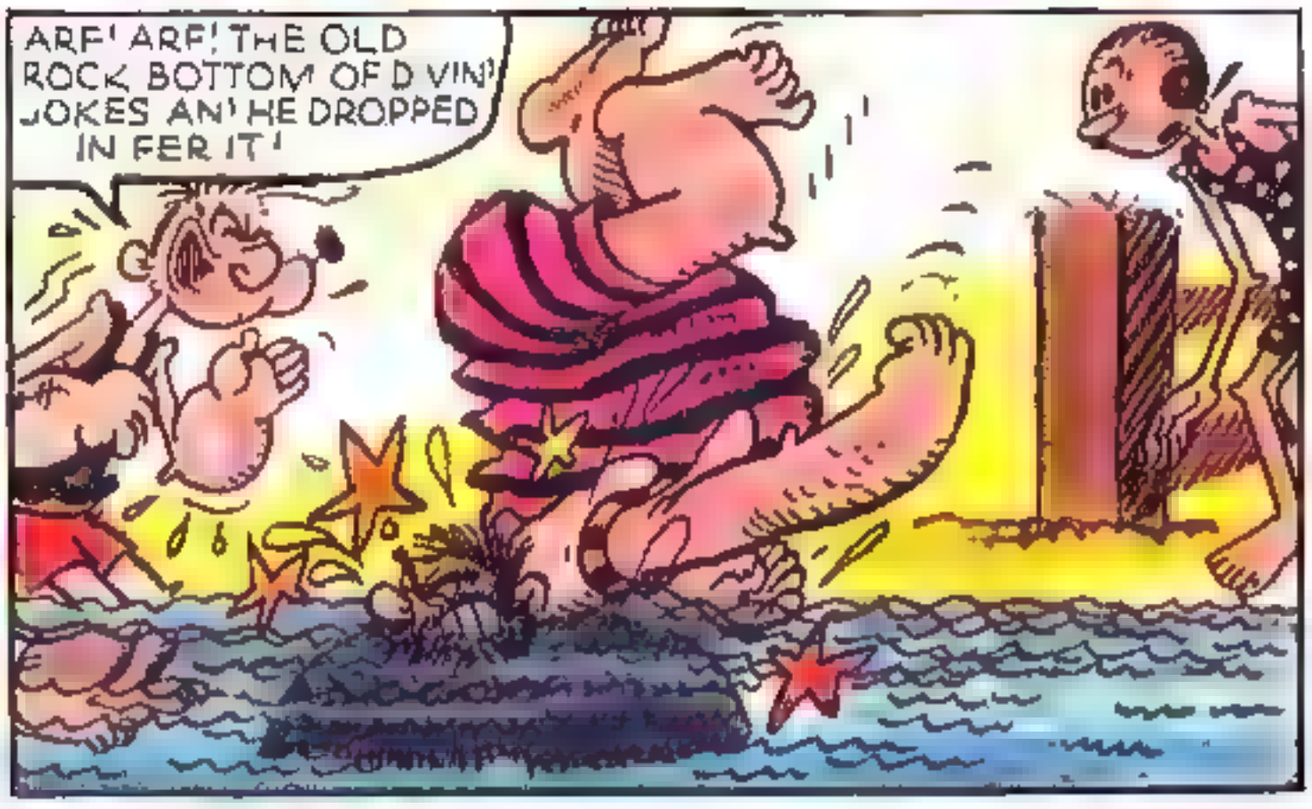


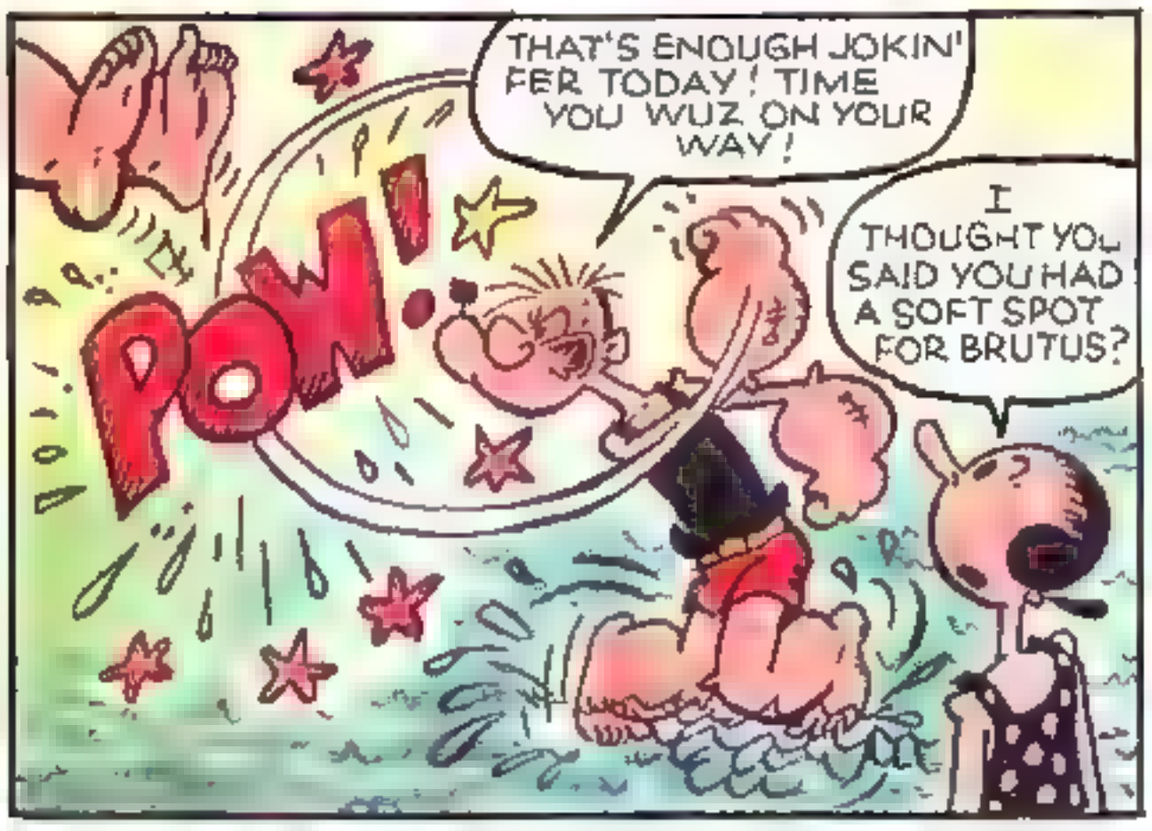


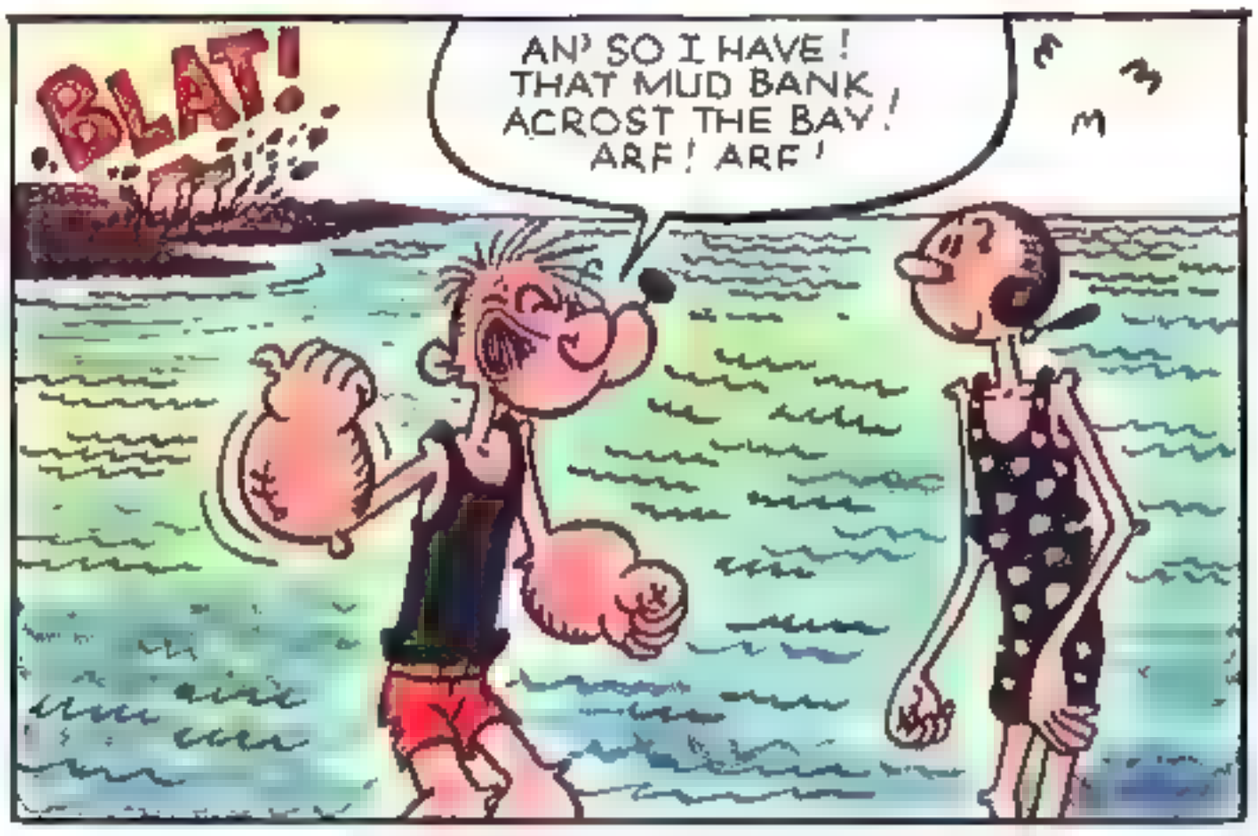












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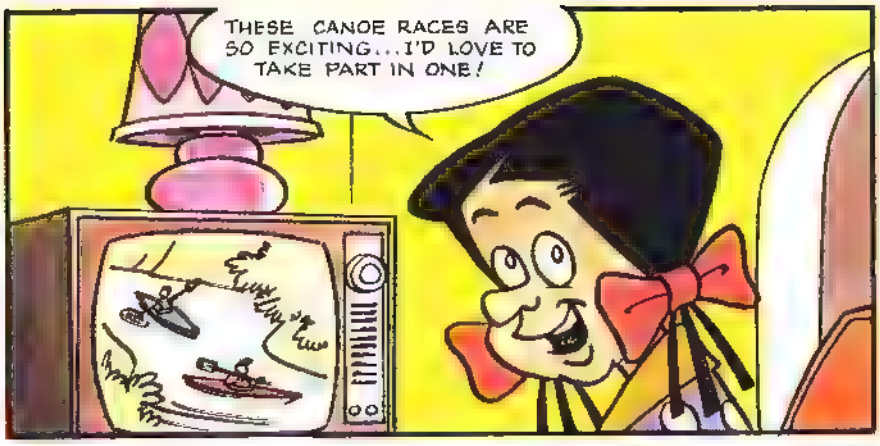
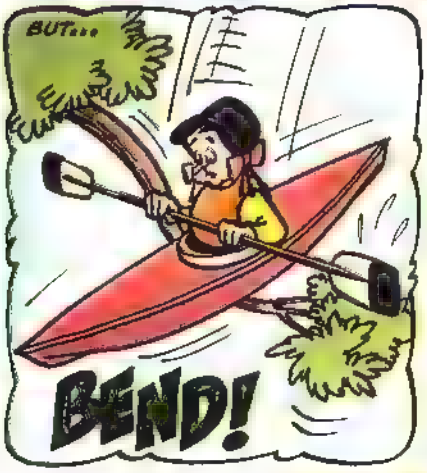
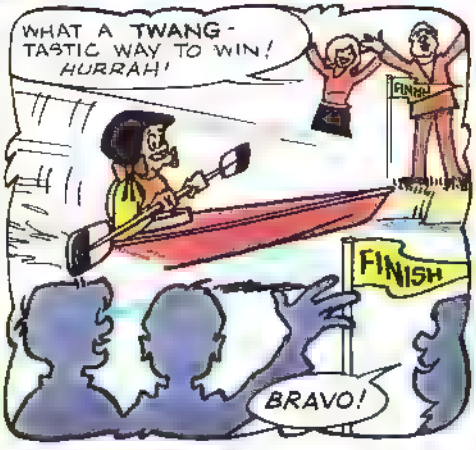
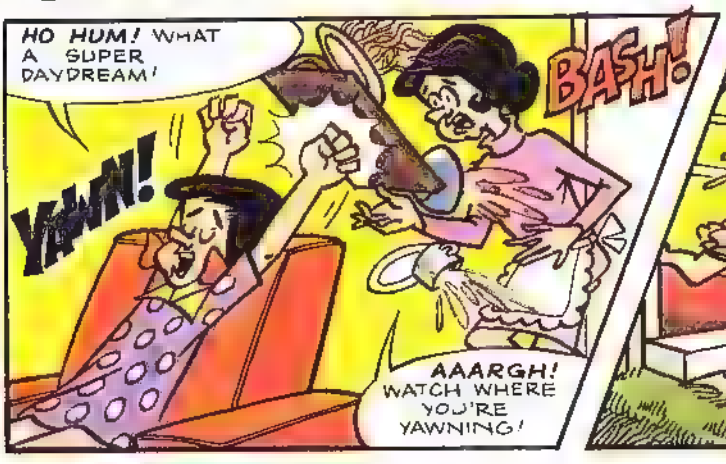
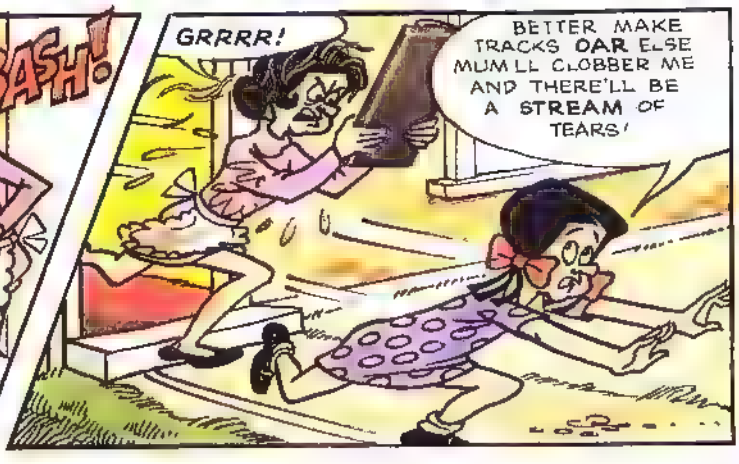
NELLY and her TELLY











SPOTTY SMILES

LONDON
LEEDS
GOING TO THE SOUTH... OF FRANCE?
WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG SIT DOWN WHEN WE GET TO THE TOP, BERT!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP THIS IS A SHORT CUT TO THE VILLAGE!
QUICK! LETS NIP ACROSS THIS FIELD WHILE THAT OLD BULL ISN'T AROUND!
BEWARE OF THE BULL

Whacko!
HERE IS A CHEQUE FOR £5,000 AS MY DONATION TO CH SELBURY SCHOOL!
THANK YOU INDEED, MR. SKRIMDGE!
BUT BEFORE I HAND IT OVER I MUST MAKE ONE CONDITION, HEADMASTER!
AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?
FROM NOW ON THE CANE MUST NOT BE USED AT CHISELBURY!
WHAT? NO WHACKING? BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S AN OLD SCHOOL TRADITION!
IT'S UP TO YOU, HEADMASTER. NO WHACKING OR NO £5,000!
YOU WIN! FOR £5,000 SMACKERS I GIVE UP THE WHACKINGS! SOB!!
HEY, FELLOWS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NOTICE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
NOTICES
AS FROM TODAY CORPORAL PUNISHMENT (OR WHACKING TO YOU IGNORANT LOT!) IS BANNED AT CHISELBURY
SIGNED Headmaster
WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH OLD JIM NOW!
SO...
STEP OUT THE BOY WHO DREW THAT!
JIM

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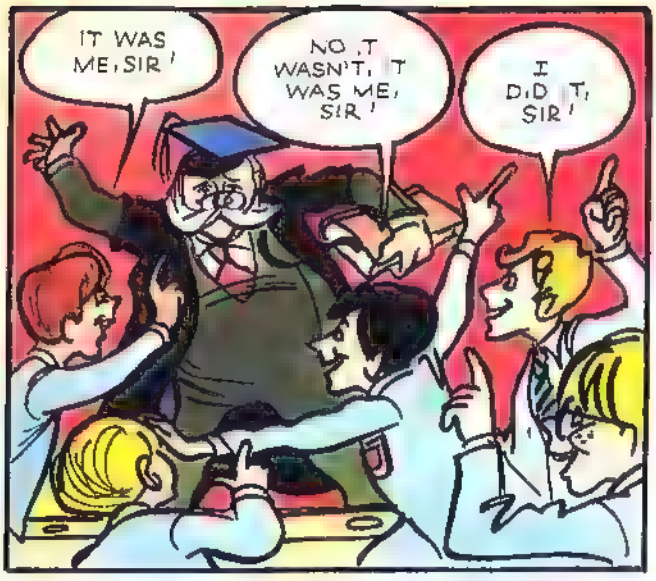
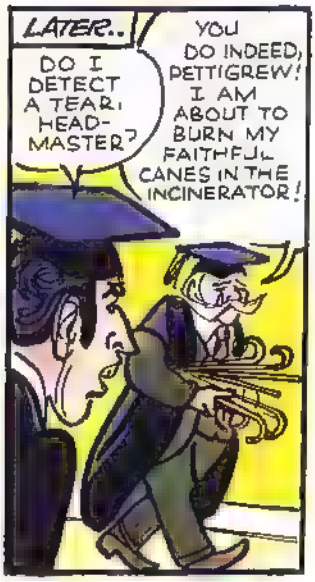

IT WAS ME, SIR!
NO, IT WASN'T, IT WAS ME, SIR!
I DID IT, SIR!

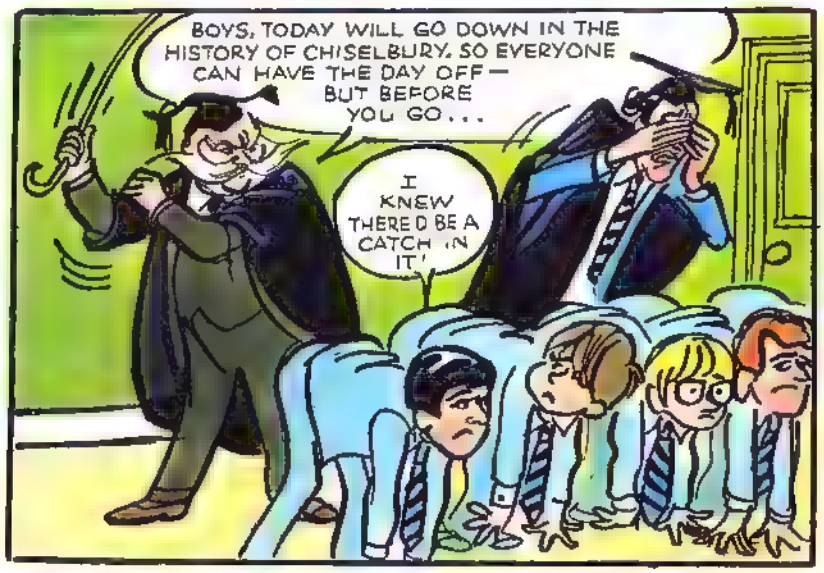
RIGHT! I'LL WHACK THE LOT OF YOU! YOU FIRST, TAPLOW!
MAY I REMIND YOU OF THE NEW RULE SIR?
WE HEARD ABOUT MISTER SKRIMIDGE'S £5,000!
WE'D HATE TO HAVE TO TELL HIM!


LATER..
DO I DETECT A TEAR, HEAD-MASTER?
YOU DO INDEED, PETTIGREW! I AM ABOUT TO BURN MY FAITHFUL CANES IN THE INCINERATOR!

WHOA!
HO! HO! HO! POOR OLD JIM SLIPPED UP ON OUR MARBLES!
DELIBERATELY PLACED THERE OF COURSE!

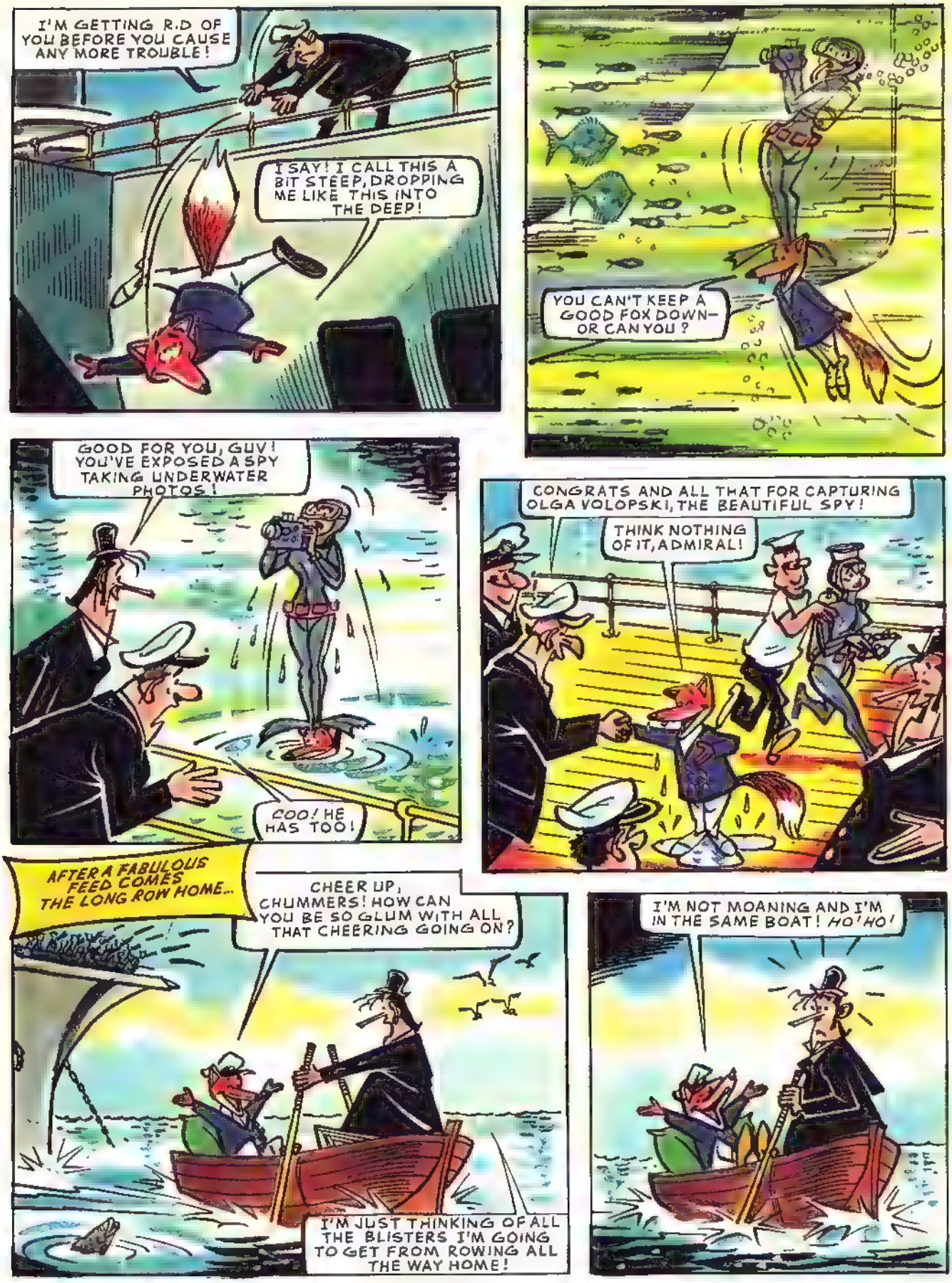
HEADMASTER, THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU...
YOU... YOU... I... I'LL... (SPLUTTER!)

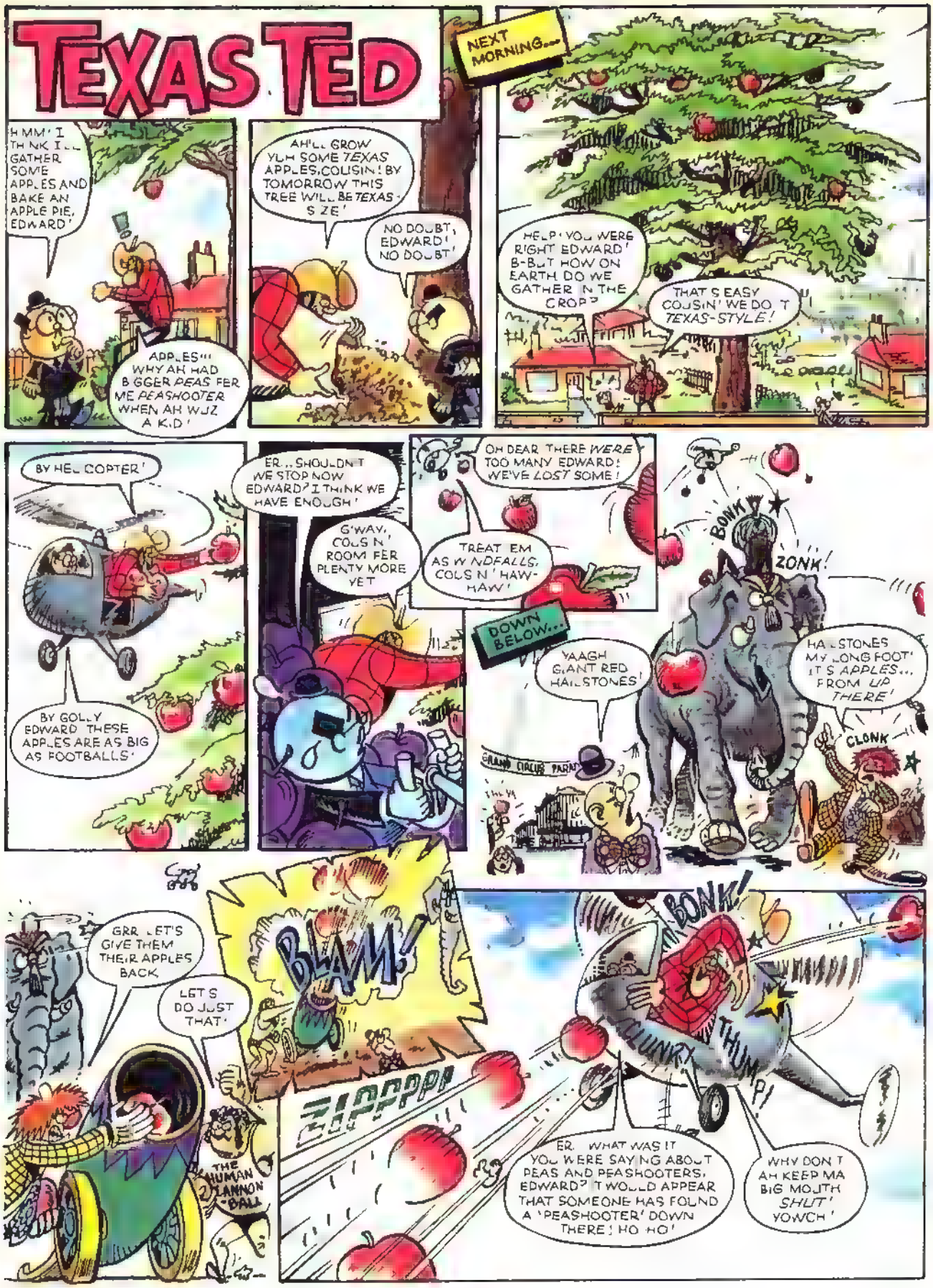
THIS IS THE BANK MANAGER SPEAKING. I'M AFRAID THE CHEQUE FROM MR. SKRIMIDGE IS WORTHLESS! HE'S RATHER ECCENTRIC AND GOES AROUND GIVING AWAY MONEY THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE!
WHACKO!


BOYS, TODAY WILL GO DOWN IN THE HISTORY OF CHISELBURY. SO EVERYONE CAN HAVE THE DAY OFF— BUT BEFORE YOU GO...
I KNEW THERE'D BE A CATCH IN IT!

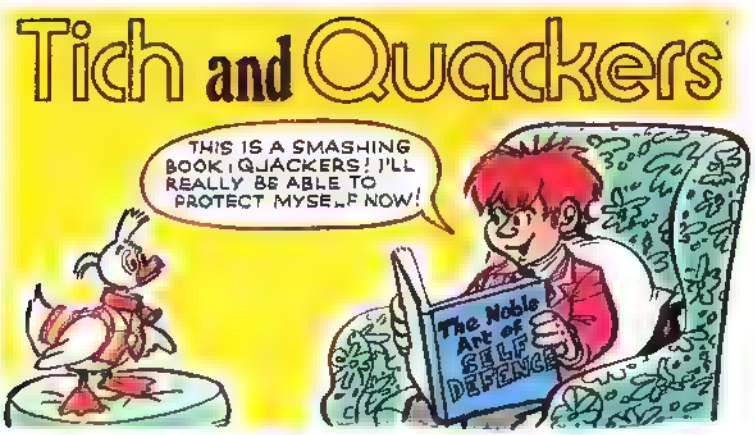
BASIL BRUSH
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO RELAXING AS A ROW ON THE RIVER CHUMMERS!
HOW MUCH LONGER AM I GOING TO BE ROWING, GUV?
JUST CARRY ON UP TO THAT AIRCRAFT CARRIER, CHUMMERS, BUT WATCH YOU DON'T BUMP INTO IT!
GORSH! I'VE ROWED RIGHT DOWN THE RIVER!
WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN BE SO GOOD AS TO SLING YOUR HOOK!
HEAR THAT CHUMMERS? THEY MUST HAVE SEEN ME COMING AND ARE INVITING ME ABOARD! DO AS THE MAN SAYS AND SLING HIM OUR HOOK!
CLUMSY, CHUMMERS! NEVER MIND, OLD FRUIT! JUST HANG ON WHILE I HOP ON BOARD!
STAND BY TO PIPE THE ADMIRAL ABOARD!
HOW ADMIRABLE, THEY'VE MADE ME AN ADMIRAL! I ALWAYS WAS A BIT OF A SEA DOG, WHAT?
PHEEOOEE!
I SAY, CHUMMERS, ISN'T IT THRILLING?
PHEEOO°

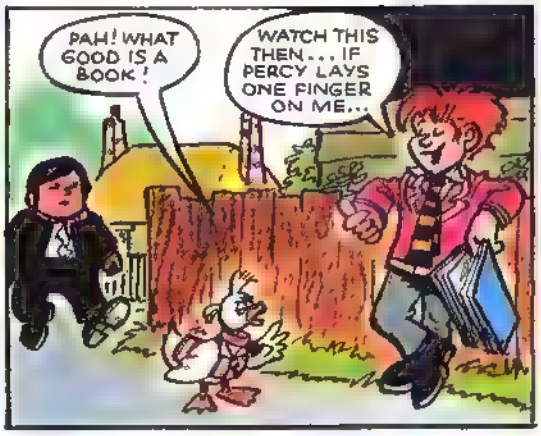
NICE OF YOU TO PUT ON A SHOW BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO STAND ON CEREMONY FOR CHUMMERS AND ME, Y' KNOW! JUST AS HAPPY TO TAKE A QUICK TRIP ROUND YOUR JOLLY OLD SHIP AND HAVE A SPOT OF TEA BEFORE WE GO!
GET THESE TWO OUT OF THE WAY BELOW!
AYE AYE, SIR!
FOLLOW ME AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING BELOW!
AS IF WE WOULD! CARRY ON, MY GOOD FELLOW!
LUVVUS, GUV' HOW MANY MORE STAIRS?
CHEER UP, CHUMMERS! I'VE FOUND A LIFT BUTTON! WHY WALK WHEN WE CAN RIDE TO THE BOTTOM?
№ 1 LIFT
IT LOOKS LIKE THE LIFT IS FULL OF MARINES! NEVER MIND, CHUMMERS, WE'LL WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO TOUCH ANYTHING!
NOW DON'T GET PETTY, OFFICER: THERE'S NO NEED TO GO FLYING OFF THE HANDLE!
CATAPULT FIRING LEVER
TALKING OF FLYING, GUV! LOOK AT THAT LOT!
COR! IT'S THE ADMIRAL AND THE CAPTAIN!
EH? WHERE?

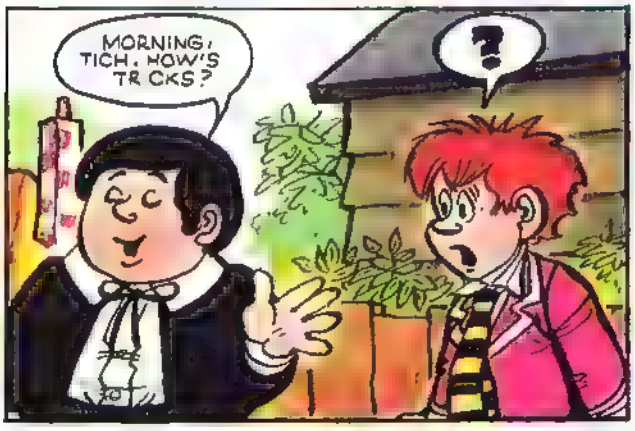

I'M GETTING R.D OF YOU BEFORE YOU CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!
I SAY! I CALL THIS A BIT STEEP, DROPPING ME LIKE THIS INTO THE DEEP!
YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD FOX DOWN— OR CAN YOU?
GOOD FOR YOU, GUV! YOU'VE EXPOSED A SPY TAKING UNDERWATER PHOTOS!
COO! HE HAS TOO!
CONGRATS AND ALL THAT FOR CAPTURING OLGA VOLOPSKI, THE BEAUTIFUL SPY!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, ADMIRAL!
AFTER A FABULOUS FEED COMES THE LONG ROW HOME...
CHEER UP, CHUMMERS! HOW CAN YOU BE SO GLUM WITH ALL THAT CHEERING GOING ON?
I'M JUST THINKING OF ALL THE BLISTERS I'M GOING TO GET FROM ROWING ALL THE WAY HOME!
I'M NOT MOANING AND I'M IN THE SAME BOAT! HO'HO!

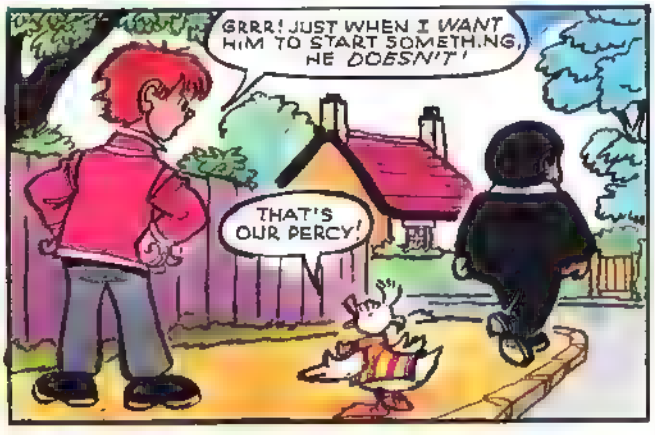

TEXAS TED
HMM' I THINK I'LL GATHER SOME APPLES AND BAKE AN APPLE PIE, EDWARD'
APPLES!!! WHY AH HAD BIGGER PEAS FER ME PEASHOOTER WHEN AH WUZ A KID'
AH'LL GROW YUH SOME TEXAS APPLES, COUSIN! BY TOMORROW THIS TREE WILL BE TEXAS-SIZE'
NO DOUBT, EDWARD! NO DOUBT'
NEXT MORNING...
HELP! YOU WERE RIGHT EDWARD' B-BUT HOW ON EARTH DO WE GATHER IN THE CROP?
THAT'S EASY COUSIN' WE DO IT TEXAS-STYLE!
BY HELICOPTER'
BY GOLLY EDWARD THESE APPLES ARE AS BIG AS FOOTBALLS'
ER.. SHOULDN'T WE STOP NOW EDWARD? I THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH'
G'WAY, COUSIN' ROOM FER PLENTY MORE YET
OH DEAR THERE WERE TOO MANY EDWARD! WE'VE LOST SOME!
TREAT 'EM AS WINDFALLS, COUSIN' HAW-HAW'
DOWN BELOW...
YAAGH GIANT RED HAILSTONES'
HAILSTONES MY LONG FOOT' IT'S APPLES... FROM UP THERE'
BONK!
ZONK!
CLONK
GRR LET'S GIVE THEM THEIR APPLES BACK
LET'S DO JUST THAT'
BLAM!
ZIPPPP!
THE HUMAN CANNON-BALL
BONK!
CLUNK!
THUMP!
ER WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT PEAS AND PEASHOOTERS, EDWARD? IT WOULD APPEAR THAT SOMEONE HAS FOUND A 'PEASHOOTER' DOWN THERE! HO HO!
WHY DON'T AH KEEP MA BIG MOUTH SHUT' YOWCH'

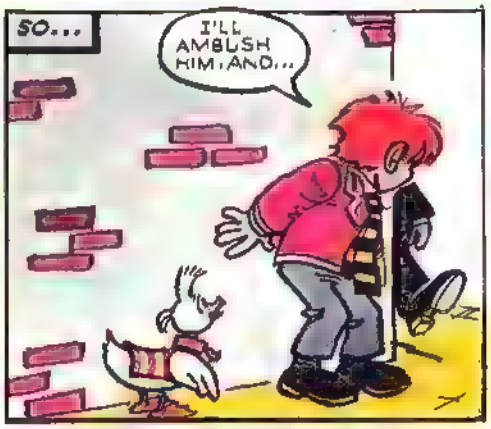
Tich and Quackers

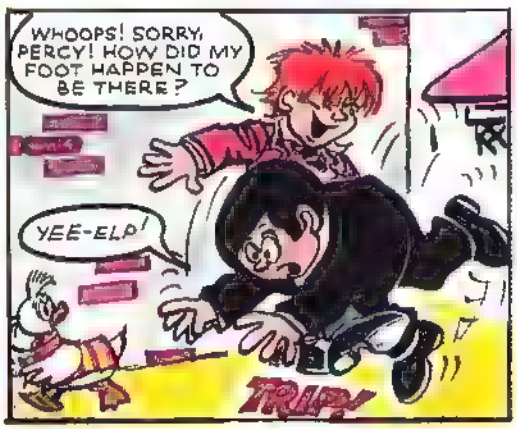


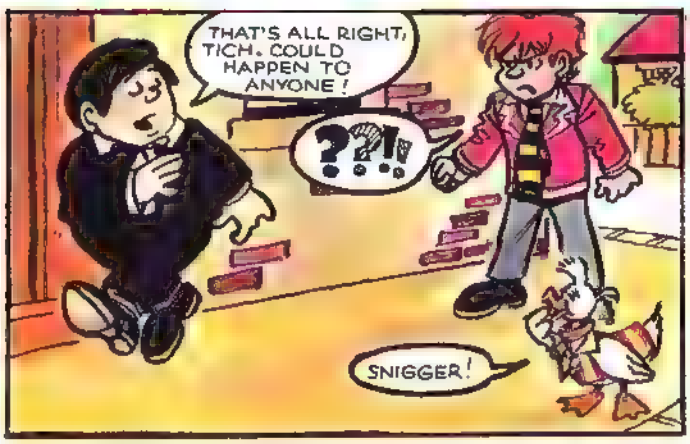


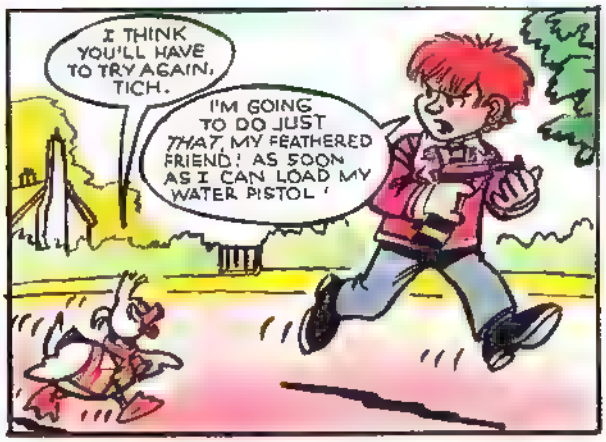












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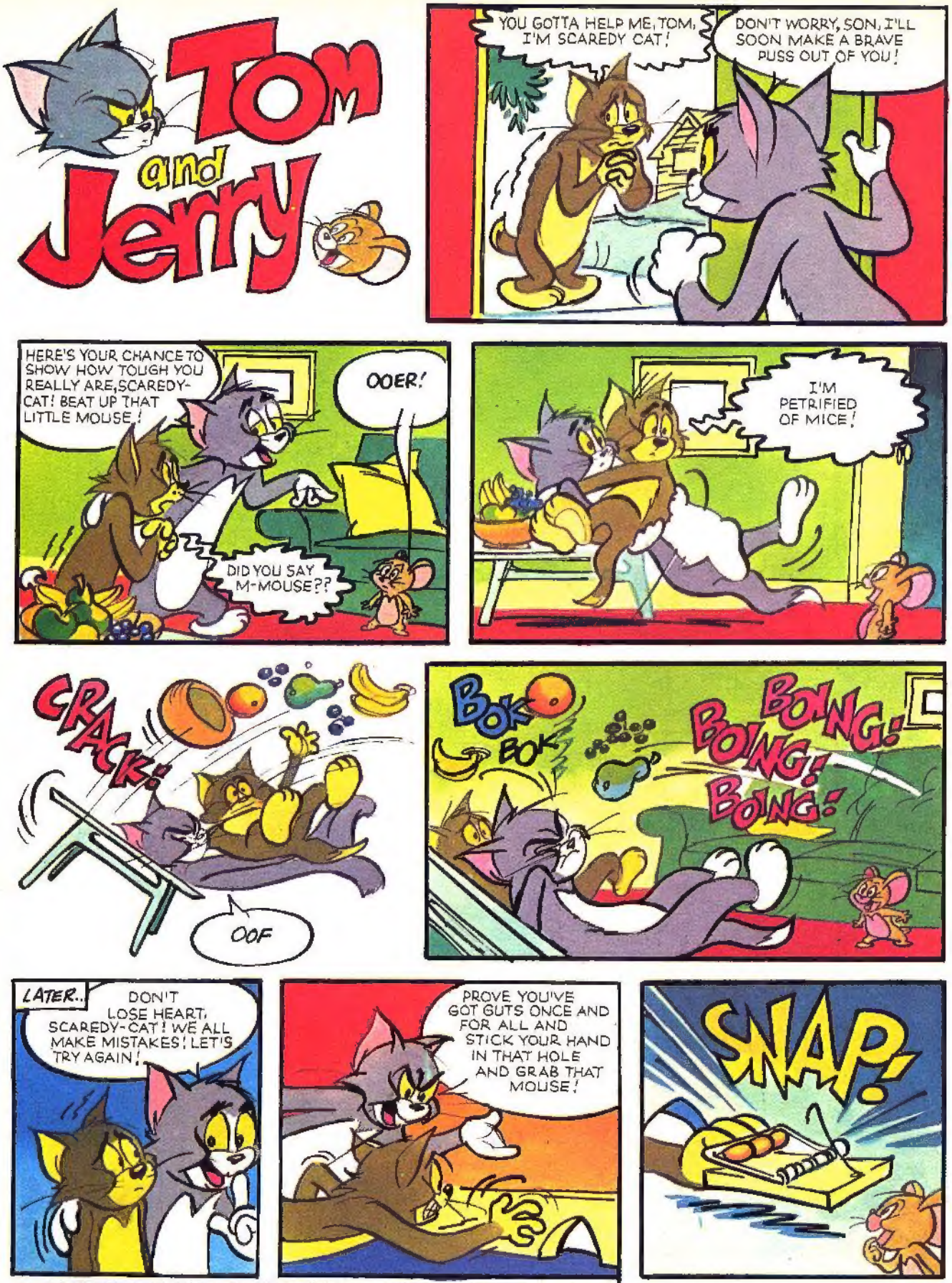
SO, A LITTLE LATER...
WHOOPS! SORRY, PERCY! I THOUGHT IT WAS EMPTY!
SPLOSH!
YERK! GLUB!
NO HARD FEELINGS, TICH! I'VE DONE THE SAME THING MYSELF.
WH-WHAT??
HO-HO! GIVE UP, TICH.
I'VE BEEN TOO SUBTLE ABOUT THIS! I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE DOWNRIGHT BLATANT!
I'M NOT SORRY THIS TIME, PERCY... THIS IS NO ACCIDENT! HO-HO!
WOMP!
YEEAAGH!
YIKES! I THINK TICH HAS GONE TOO FAR! HERE COMES PERCY'S DAD!
WAAAH! DAD! DAD! TICH WOMPED ME WITH HIS BOOK! WAAAH!
WHAT? THE BOJNDAH DID WHAT?
G-GULP!
COME HERE, BOY! YOU W-- HAVE TO BE PUNISHED!
GRAB!
YERK!
PERHAPS THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO GO AROUND WOMPING MY BOY!
WHACK! WHACK!
AAAGH! HOWL! OW! OOH! OOH!
HO! HO! POOR TICH! THIS JUST ISN'T HIS DAY!
WELL, TICH! FAT LOT OF GOOD YOUR BOOK DID YOU. IT DIDN'T PROTECT YOU THERE!
OH, YES, IT DID! I WAS ONLY PRETENDING TO BE HURT!
I HAD THE BOOK DOWN THE BACK OF MY PANTS! HO-HO!
SWOON!


Tom and Jerry
YOU GOTTA HELP ME, TOM, I'M SCAREDY CAT!
DON'T WORRY, SON, I'LL SOON MAKE A BRAVE PUSS OUT OF YOU!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SHOW HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE, SCAREDY-CAT! BEAT UP THAT LITTLE MOUSE!
OOER!
DID YOU SAY M-MOUSE??
I'M PETRIFIED OF MICE!
CRACK!
OOF
BOK BOK
BOING! BOING! BOING!
LATER..
DON'T LOSE HEART, SCAREDY-CAT! WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES! LET'S TRY AGAIN!
PROVE YOU'VE GOT GUTS ONCE AND FOR ALL AND STICK YOUR HAND IN THAT HOLE AND GRAB THAT MOUSE!
SNAP!

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YEEEEARG!
MY POOR PAW!
CREAK!
THROB!
COME DOWN! DON'T BE SUCH A COWARDLY CAT!
TALK ABOUT CEILING THEIR FATE! TE! HE!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? WHO MADE ALL THIS MESS?
CRASH!
AAARGH!
WHY... YOU CRUMMY CATS!
LOOKS LIKE TOM WASN'T MUCH HELP TO SCAREDY-CAT! IN FACT HE'S BECOME ONE HIMSELF! TE! HE! HE!
QUAKE!

SCHOOL BUS
MUCKY
DUCK

TV COMIC

annual

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